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ONWARD AND UPWARD.

Onward and upward, the path lies before thee.
Seek to attain what thy spirit would win;
Brave—ay, mystic portals are wide to embold thee,
Only be brave; thou shalt enter within.

Onward for ever! Oh, why art thou staying,
When such a goal there is to be won?
Listen to me patient, thou'rt the temper be saying,
Hold up thine hands, for all labor is done.

Onward and upward, in life's early morning
Shoulders are precious, youth has none to spare.
See how the sunbeams thy sky is adorning;
Then wouldst thou sit down in quiet despair?

No; be thou strong like the oak, which hath breasted
Storms that bested the tall pine in its pride;
Grow not a rock be the moment were crushed,
Fore as the light which no darkness can hide.

Onward and upward, whatever betide thee,
Brave as the eagle which soars to the sun;
Leave the cool waters that murmur beside thee,
Then shalt thy labor of life soon begun.

Never look downward though clouds loom above thee,
Still let thy spirit be bound in its might;
Mid'st the fire-world which lie phantoms allure thee,
Manfully battle for God and the right.

Then shall thy glory-dreams all meet fruition,
Then shalt thy world in her zeal homage here;
And in all be sweet to know life hath a mission,
When the green laurel wreath rests on thy brow.

FETTERED,
Yet Free.

By the author of "Uncle and Auntie," "Uncle Kent," &c.

CHAPTER I.

To the right hand and to the left a long, narrow belt of marsh land, bordered by tall, gray cliffs, and dotted here and there with gray rocks that looked black under their thick coating of bladder-rack—over the still, glassy sea a yellow light, over everything on earth, in air and water, an intense calm. Now and then a more frolicsome wave than the rest broke with a "dish" on the sands which only made the preceding and succeeding ripples seem lazier; now and then a fisherman in his boat a few yards from the shore would shout to a friend on the beach, or a gull fly slowly overhead with a melancholy cry, as if utterly weary of the monotony of the still, hot, mid-day afternoon; but these sounds alone broke the silence.

Stretched at full length on the dry shingle, his arms under his head, his straw hat tilted over his eyes, evidently enjoying to the full the delicious merits of the place and hour, lay a man of about eight-and-twenty or thirty—a tall, well-made man, in a loose, gray suit of Summer clothes. There was nothing to be seen of his face but a firm, well-moulded chin and the end of a pair of brown whiskers. A fisherman sitting a few yards off on the edge of his boat, mending his net and whistling softly to himself, glanced now and then toward the recumbent figure—for gentlemen were scarce in this remote village—and two boys for want of other occupation, from behind the shelter of a neighboring rock, threw stones at him to see which dared strike nearest to him. Presently one struck the well made boat, and the straw hat was pushed back on the dark head, and the gentleman, raising himself on one elbow, looked round for the offender. It was a good looking face that appeared, not a handsome one; but the deep set brown eyes had a straightforward, thoughtful glance, and the well cut mouth wore a mingled sweetness and gravity that made a passer by look with pleasure on Geoffrey Chetwynd's face. The boys had vanished at the first movement of their mark, but the fisherman's wife had come down with her husband's tea, and the pair were having a somewhat quarrelsome conversation in no hushed tones, which destroyed the charm of the moment, and made the gentleman rise slowly to his feet and wander away along the edge of the rippling sea.

"Well, I came here for rest and quiet, and I have got it, with a vengeance!" he muttered, half aloud, as, with one hand in his trousers pocket and the other swinging a small stick, he strolled lazily along. "I begin to feel as if I never had worked and never should work again. It's very pleasant for a change, but I think I would rather live over a shop in the Strand than vegetate in such intense quiet as this. Hallo, my little friend, what's the matter?"—a pretty little boy of between three and four, in a brown holland dress, and with bare feet, stood crying at the edge of the water.

"My boat—it's gone too far—I dropped the string" said the child, pointing to a tiny bark that rode the waters about three feet from the shore, and dashing the tears from his eyes.

Geoffrey Chetwynd reached forward and towed the small vessel in with his cane, whilst his little companion watched him with suspended breath.

"Be very careful!" he cried, clasping his little hands. "If you go too fast he'll upset and the sail get wet."

"All right, I'll be careful; but we generally sail a boat 'she,' not 'he.' What's her name?"

"But it's a boy boat—I don't like girl boats. I don't want to call it 'she,' pleaded the child, as he took his treasure from Geoffrey's hand. "It hasn't a name. What ought it to be called?"

"Hi!—well, it's not so easy to name a boy boat," answered Geoffrey, dubiously. "The grass is new to me. We must choose a name with no gender, I suppose. Will Pride of the Ocean do?"

"It's too long"—with a grave shake of the head. "My name's Cecil, but I don't want it to have my name. What's yours?"

"Geoffrey Bost Chetwynd, at your service. Will one do, or will you have all three?"

But Master Cecil shook his head once more; apparently none of the names found favor in his sight.

"You are hard to please," said Geoffrey, laughing. "Well, let's try again. What do you say to the Rover? That's a boy boat's name, for the name is never applied to ladies, though often applicable. The Rover sounds very grand; do you not think so?"

"Yes, the Rover; that'll do—thank you;" and the pretty little face broke into a smile as the grand dark eyes were lifted to those of his friend. "Now shall we put the Rover in the water again?"

"Certainly—but I think I had better stay to help you, in case of another accident. You are rather young to be here all alone."

"I'm not alone," said the child; and as he spoke another figure in brown holland came toward them—a tall, slight figure, with a willowy grace about it which pleased Geoffrey's fastidious taste. The brown holland was relieved by a blue bow here and there, and surmounted by a drooping brown straw hat that shaded one of the sweetest faces Geoffrey thought he had ever seen—very like the child's face, with the same earnest dark grey eyes, the same small, wistful, tender mouth, the same soft clear skin and fair, glossy hair, but all subdued and ripened by an extra twenty years.

"Cecil dear, I hope you are not teasing the gentleman"—and the sweet low voice matched the face; "are you asking for anything?"

"No, I'm very good, I'm not teasing," answered the boy, quickly. "He's only helping me to sail my boat, and he's called it a name for me."

"I'm amusing myself quite as much as Master, Cecil," put in Geoffrey, lifting his hat with a pleasant smile; I'm afraid of forgetting the power of speech in this retired spot, and very thankful for the chance of exercising it." I hope you have no objection of our making friends.

"Oh, no! You are very kind. Cecil will be very glad of a companion;" and with a slight bow she slowly returned to her seat in the shade of the cliffs, and took up her book once more.

With some interest Geoffrey looked after her. He had noticed the sad, beautiful young face in the little village church on the previous Sunday, and wondered who she was, and how she came to be there all alone; for Cecil was not with her then.

"I did not see your sister sitting there," he said, turning to the child once more, "I wondered at your being here alone.

Cecil looked up in amazement.

"I haven't a sister," he said in a puzzled tone, "there's only mamma and me."

"That can't be your mamma," exclaimed Geoffrey, puzzled in his turn; "she's quite a girl."

"She isn't a girl—she's my mamma, and ever so old and big," answered Cecil defiantly; "but some day I shall be bigger than she is, she says, and older too, most likely."

"I don't see how you are going to manage the latter part, my little man. But where's your papa?"

"I haven't a papa—only a mamma," answered Cecil, dropping the string and diving after it, thereby wetting his sleeve nearly to the elbow. "There, catch my boat again—it's gone and I've had enough play with it now. I'm going to take it to mamma to keep for me."

"All right. And ask mamma if you may come for a walk with me along the sands. Tell her I'll carry you if you are tired, and bring you back in half an hour."

"Yes, that would be fine," said the child, clapping his hands with delight; "but I must have my shoes and socks on. I'm you wait;" and off he ran.

"Yes, I'll wait. Run and ask her," answered Geoffrey, tilting his hat over his eyes and looking out to sea; whilst Cecil scampered to his mother, shouting his request as he ran.

Geoffrey Chetwynd was lonely and was fond of children, but for all that Cecil borrowed an interest from his mother's beauty. Sandbeach would not be so dull if enlivened with an occasional chat with this pretty widow; and he listened with some anxiety for the answer.

"Go for a walk with him!" he heard the sweet, clear tones say. "Yes, if he wants you, and you will be back in half an hour. It will be teatime by then, and we must go home."

The utter indifference of the tone piqued Geoffrey's vanity. If he had been an ugly old woman, she could not have shown less interest in his doings. Were all men to her now like shadows? Geoffrey Chetwynd did not believe in any young member of the opposite sex feeling no interest whatever in a good-looking man; it was contrary to his experience.

"Her heart is still in the grave of the 'loved and lost.' But she will get over that at her age," he thought as he waited for the child. "What a relief she must have been when she married! She can't be more than two or three-and-twenty now—and that boy must be four or five years old. Perhaps he's a step-child. No, that can't be either, because of the likeness. Here he comes," as the boy came scampering toward him with glowing cheeks.

"Look at your watch, please, and see what time we are to be back," he exclaimed. "We may be gone a whole half hour. Can we go far away in that time?"

"Far enough for those small legs, I expect—perhaps as far as the rocks, but not out there."

"That's not a very far way," Cecil said, scornfully. "Why, mamma can go as far as that—and she's only a woman! I thought men could walk a lot more than women."

"So they can, generally," answered Geoffrey, smiling; "but I've been ill, and as I shall probably have to carry you part of the way, I don't think we will be too ambitious."

"I thought men were never ill—only women and little children? What made you ill?"

"Doing too much, working too hard, learning too many lessons," replied Geoffrey, trying to make himself understood. "Now then I'll tell you a story. There was once a little boy——"

And Jack and the Beanstalk was recited in such thrilling sentences that Cecil listened entranced. It lasted till they reached the rock, and there they seated themselves to rest and finish it—by which time twenty minutes of the half hour had fled, and Cecil had to be mounted on his friend's back that they might return at a swifter pace. Flushed and breathless they reached the spot where the young mother stood waiting for them. With a slight smile she looked up at Geoffrey.

"Thank you for your kindness to him," she said, taking the boy's hand. "I'm afraid you have made yourself very warm."

"A little," he replied, lifting his hat and tossing back his hair. "We were afraid we should be late. Good-night, Cecil."

"Good-night. But why can't you come home to tea with us?" said the child. "You're such a fun—do come?"

Geoffrey laughed, whilst the mother's cheeks reddened slightly.

"You wouldn't like it if I did; I eat such a lot that there would be nothing left for you. Wouldn't that be dreadful? Good-night—we'll have another walk some day." And then Geoffrey Chetwynd stood alone, watching the receding figures of his new friends.

CHAPTER II

That evening Geoffrey Chetwynd learnt from his loquacious landlady, as she waited upon him at dinner, all that there was to learn of the pretty young widow. She was a Mrs. Elton, and had been at Sandbeach for nearly two years, living a quiet, secluded life with her child. One or two of the neighboring families, attracted by her sweet face, had called upon her, but she declined all invitations, and seemed to have no wish to make friends.

"Strange, I call it, sir," said the good woman "for she isn't scarcely more than a girl, as you may say, and oughter want to see a little life. 'Tain't as if her husband was just dead, for she was out o' black, so to speak, when she come here. She always dresses very quiet like, but quite the lady—real good silks and a velvet mantle and fur jacket I have seen her in at times—so she ain't poor, for certain. It's but a small place she've taken—quite a cottage, so to speak—but very comfortable and beautiful, and she have two servants. One comed with her, Mrs. Hughes that is, an elderly sort of body, cross-grained and grumpy as can be, and Jessie comes a-gallying from the village. I was in Mrs. Hughes one day, when I went up there with fresh eggs, as it must be a dull life for a young thing like that, and it were a pity she don't make no friends, but she scarcely put me up quite short, and says, 'She's best as she is,' she says. 'She'll get more harm than good from friends, as you call 'em. She's got her boy and don't want nobody more.' But, for all that, I maintains that it ain't a good nor a natural life for a party young lady like her to lead, and dull work for that blessed child of hers, bless his 'art."

"Perhaps she'll get over it in time," remarked Geoffrey, pushing his chair back from the table. "It must have been a great shock to lose her husband so young. You can clear away, Mrs. William."

Lighting his pipe, he left the tiny room for his usual evening walk, but on this night he did not turn his steps toward the sea. He strolled along the village, the few, white houses of which ran straight back from the beach up a gentle incline, till he came to a road which branched off to the right and ran along the top of the cliff. Down this he turned, feeling pretty sure now whose was the cottage he had so many times admired. It stood back from the road, in its pretty garden, nearly hidden by the high tamarisk and fuchsia that grew inside the rustic wood palings, a thatched roof and a thatched verandа, over which roses and honeysuckle crept, giving a picturesque look which pleased the artistic eye of Geoffrey Chetwynd.

"It would make a pretty sketch," thought he, as he looked over the little gate. "I wonder if there is any place near where I could get a good view of it—in this field, perhaps;" and opening a five-barred gate, he entered an adjoining meadow. He was standing first in one spot and then another, absorbed in his anxiety to get a favorable position, and so he did not hear a group of Scotch fir that stood behind the cottage, when a sweet, young voice fell upon his ear, singing the old ballad, "The Banks of Allan Water." It was a favorite air of his, one that his mother had sung to him many and many a time in the old days, and his heart swelled with mingled pain and pleasure as the sad, sweet memories of childhood came flooding back. The voice that sang it now was full of pathos and expression, telling of deep, strong feeling in its owner; and Geoffrey's interest in the pretty young widow was considerably deepened. The song ended, silence followed.

"I'm glad she did not sing another," he thought, "to destroy the effect of that," and then, with the sad strain ringing in his ears, he wandered on along the cliffs, reveling in the beauty of the night and the stillness and loneliness of the place. It was nearly midnight when he entered the village. Every window had long been darkened—for the primitive villagers wisely eschewed late hours. Mrs. Williams was sleeping soundly as he quietly let himself in and sought his tiny bedroom; and, in spite of gray eyes and sweet singing, Geoffrey was soon in the land of dreams when once his head had touched the pillow—for life is not a susceptible nature.

But with morning sunshine came the recollection of the previous day's adventure, and Sandbeach did not seem so utterly dull and featureless as it had hitherto. Perhaps the young widow and her boy would be on the sands in the morning, and he might become better acquainted with the former, who certainly would be more companionable than his small friend. A little was too few for him to do before breakfast, and he was too wise a man to do so immediately after; so, having given his orders in bachelor style to Mrs. Williams, requesting two or three things that he should like for dinner, and being met in each case by some insurmountable objection, he wound up with the customary remark, "All right. Mrs. Williams, you must do what you've got, so long as it isn't boiled mutton," lighted his pipe and walked off to the beach. It was the same scene there as usual—a few fishermen in groups, passing casual remarks on the weather at long intervals, one or two mending their nets here or there, several children searching for shell-fish in the pools left by the falling tide, a little white sail on the sea, and the three daughters of the vicar patiently waiting for a chance to bathe, one reading Macaulay aloud to two that raked, all three being far too decorous to raise their eyes as that strange and dangerous animal, a young man, passed by; but, as Geoffrey had discovered at a glance that they had white faces, dark-pencilled freckled, black hair and small eyes—three acquaintances in his sight—he did not heed their cruel coldness, but passed on in search of a fairer form. He soon discovered the pair he sought, seated on a projecting slab of rock under the shadow of the cliffs, the mother stitching away diligently at some tiny garment, the child dabbling in a pool by her side with a gutta-percha dog. At sight of Geoffrey his face glowed with delight, and he shouted loudly:

"Come up here, man. It's too cool—and I'm teaching my dog to swim."

Geoffrey hesitated, raising his hat as the mother looked up. He sensed her face for any look of disapproval or annoyance, but perceived neither—nothing but the calmest indifference; and, nettled once more, he answered:

"That's your mamma's work-room. Ask her if I may."

"Oh, yes, you may come! Mamma doesn't mind," declared Master Cecil, patronizingly. "Do you, mamma?"

"No, dear," she answered, quietly—"if the gentleman is kind enough to play with you," and moving her dress aside to make room, she worked on steadily, whilst Geoffrey, feeling shy for the first time in his life, climbed up the tiny plateau.

"I'll make her talk, or my name's not Chetwynd!" he thought, as he seated himself on the other side of the child. "The defiant Miss shall not put me so utterly to rout. A live dog is better than a dead lion any day."

"You've forgotten my name, I suppose, Master Cecil?" he said, aloud.

"Yes," said the child, nodding—"you told me such a lot, I couldn't remember them. Say them again."

Geoffrey repeated them, with a glance at Mrs. Elton. She raised her eyes, those soft, clear gray eyes, the loveliest he had ever seen, and looked at him thoughtfully.

"What a pretty name!" she said quietly; and then her eyes went back to her work.

"Do you like it?" he said quickly. "Then Cecil, you must learn it, and call me by it. Which do you mean to call me?"

Cecil looked at his mother.

"I shall call you 'Geoffrey,'" he said, after a moment's pause to consider. "What does your mamma call you?"

"I have no mamma," answered the young man, in a low tone. "She used to call me 'Geoffrey' when she was alive."

The great eyes were lifted wonderingly to his face; the little face reflected the shadow it saw there.

"She's dead then; and you're sorry. I shall die when my mamma does. I don't care to stay here alone, and I'll be nobody's else, except old Martha, and she's cross sometimes. Mamma never is."

A faint pink rose to Mrs. Elton's cheeks, and her lips were compressed. She turned a look on her boy which made Geoffrey's heart beat faster, it was so full of love and repose.

"There is something in a widow's love, if it makes her mourn one so that woman mourns her husband," he thought; "but then I fancy there are few women with such depth of feeling as that face shows. I should like to paint her. I wonder if she would sit to me. It's worth while to cultivate her acquaintance for the mere chance."

"Are you very unhappy because you've no mamma?" asked Cecil, after a thoughtful pause.

His mother laid her hand on his arm, saying hurriedly:

"Hush, Cecil, dear! never ask people about things they are sorry to remember."

"No—I forgot," said the child quickly. "You're sorry I've got no papa, and that's why you don't like me to ask about him, isn't it?" Martha says I mustn't go ask of him."

Geoffrey winced for the mother's sake, and half expected a burst of tears at this honest thrust; but to his utter surprise Mrs. Elton's voice was far more composed and emotionless than it had been, as she said, quietly:

"I will tell you all I wish you to know of that or anything else, so you need not ask any questions. You are a terrible little chatterbox."

The child nodded, and turned to his dabbling once more, whilst his mother continued her work. Geoffrey was silent, occupied with his own thoughts. There was more of hardness than sorrow in her tone, and a conviction flashed across his mind that she had been an ill-used wife, and that her indifference to men, her reluctance to make friends, arose from cruel treatment in the past rather than sorrow. He scanned the lovely face more narrowly, and detected a certain hardness in the perfect curves of the lips and chin.

"I would give a good deal to know her story," he thought, "for she has a story, young as she is, and a sad one."

"I can't fancy any one caring to live in this place all the year round," he said, suddenly, "beautiful as it is. It must be awfully dull. Aren't you bored to death sometimes, Mrs. Elton, or do you leave it in the Winter?"

"No, I never leave it, and I am not bored to death, she answered quietly. "I don't care for society, or I could have it even here. Several people have called upon me."

She did not seem to notice that he used her name.

"Do you know some people here of the name of Temple," he asked—"Sir Henry and Lady Temple?"

"They called on me and I returned their visit," she answered, "and then asked me to dinner, but I did not go. I thought it rather strange of them, as they knew nothing of me, but I am not fond of society."

"I am sure it was. Lady Temple is one of the sweetest women I ever met," he said, warmly. "You did not dine with them?"

"No," she said, coldly. Our acquaintance ended there. I believe they are away now and have been away for some time."

"They came home yesterday," announced Geoffrey. "I met their carriage driving to the station to fetch them—and heartily glad I was of it, for I was getting bored to death with the intense dullness of this place. They are old friends of mine, and I am sure you would like them if you knew them well. Lady Temple is such a charming woman."

"Very likely," answered Mrs. Elton quickly. "I don't care for very much, but I do not wish to make friends. If I know one, I must know all."

"And why not know all?" said Geoffrey, quickly. "It cannot be good for one so young as you are to lead such a perfectly solitary life."

He was sorry the moment the words were spoken, for a look of surprise and annoyance shadowed her face, and she raised her eyes to his face coldly; but something she saw there made her pause a moment and then say, gently:

"Perhaps you are right; but, good for me or not, it must not be so. My life must be a solitary one. I have my child."

There was a depth of quiet sadness in her voice which made Geoffrey wish he had not spoken, and he said, hastily:

"I beg your pardon. I hope I have not said anything to hurt you. Don't think me an impertinent donkey for presuming to give you any advice."

She smiled for the first time at his impulsive penitence, and Geoffrey thought he had never seen such a lovely smile in his life. Every change in the quiet face seemed to render its rare beauty more fascinating.

"I am sure you spoke only in kindness," she answered, gently. "But we must all judge for ourselves, and I prefer my quiet life even as it is. And now I am going to wish you good-by, for the tide is high enough for us to bathe. I suppose you are going to do the same thing."

Geoffrey rose and stretched himself.

"That is my desire," he said, smiling; "but I shall go along the sands and look for a cave. I hate those hot, stuffy machines. We shall meet again, probably, so I say good-by;" and, lifting his hat and stroking Cecil's upturned face, he sprang down from the ledge and walked away.

CHAPTER III.

Geoffrey Chetwynd walked along the sands till he found a secluded nook among the rocks where he could undress, bathe, dress and again, and sat down to enjoy the cool shade and sea-breeze, without his thoughts ever wandering from the young widow. Her sweet, low voice seemed still in his ears, her lovely face before his eyes, till, with a start, he sprang to his feet, exclaiming:

"By Jove, I believe my brain is softening! so much for solitude! I believe a man might do anything that is mad or idiotic if he were only left alone long enough. Here am I moaning and dreaming over a pretty face as if I were a sentimental youngster of eighteen. It is all owing to my not having spoken to a man for three weeks. I'll go and hunt up Temple this very day. It is a pretty face though—the sweetest I have ever seen—and such a figure! There I go again! Geoffrey Chetwynd, you're a bigger ass than I took you for, and that's saying a good deal. Come, step out," and, smiting the action to the word, he strode along the fast lessening sands at the rate of six miles an hour.

Mrs. Elton and Cecil were not in sight, though Geoffrey, man-like, looked right and left for them. Entering his lodgings, he brushed himself up, put on a tidy coat and hat, and walked off toward Newland Abbey, his friend Sir Henry Temple's seat.

The August sun shone hot and strong on the yellow fields of grain; the sea, lying far below Geoffrey for his way lay along the top of the cliff—glittered with painful brilliancy; and he was not sorry to strike off presently into shady green lanes, where the elms in the hedgerows met overhead, and the sloping sandy banks were rich with drooping ferns and ripening blackberries.

"Just in time for luncheon," he thought, as the great bell over the stables rang out at the very moment he laid his hand on the latch of the gates, "and I shan't be sorry to see it. Ah, there are Lady Temple and Harry a little ahead!"

A few steps more brought him to the lady's side, and she turned with a start, as his hand was stretched out before her.

"Mr. Chetwynd, I am so glad to see you! Jennings told us you were here, and we were going to look you up this very afternoon. Are you better?"

"Yes, thank you," answered Geoffrey, quite recovered, and beginning to fall ill the other way, from want of something to do. Do you know I have not spoken to a man, except a casual sailor or fisherman, for three whole weeks? Yesterday I made friends with a small boy and his mother, and that was the full of my wild career. Where is Sir Henry?"

"I wonder if you mean by lovely young widow, Mrs. Elton," said Lady Temple, quickly.

"Just so exactly whom I do mean. Master Cecil and I fraternized over a boat, and to-day I followed it up by making acquaintance with his pretty mother. I wish I had done so three weeks ago."

"Don't she lovely? I was attracted by her sweet face in church when we were down at Easter and, though I could find out nothing about her, I called on her, and asked her to dinner. But she would not come. She is very reserved, and will not know anybody, for several people have tried to make friends with her, but she told me her mother had been a clergyman holding some foreign chaplaincy, she did not say where, and that he had died, and that she had no near relatives. I tried to find out who her husband was, but, though I made several allusions to him, she did not respond, and I could not ask. I think it is quite the loveliest face I have ever seen."

"What! looming it in so my women never admire each other," said Geoffrey, with a self-satisfying pleased smile, and thinking what a thoroughly amiable woman Lady Temple was. "I think they are far more good-natured about their own sex than we are. If I want to admire a man, it is sure to be one that hates the sight of me. By-the-by, this is a pretty place."

They had emerged from the cool shade of the lanes, and the house stood before them—old and gray, with mullioned windows overhung and covered with creepers, with gables and quaint projections in every part, and a deep porch, beneath which a coach and four horses could stand with ease, and the grass and flowers of the house as gay as the most brilliant flower beds could make it. To the right of the house a smooth lawn sloped down to a shallow but wide stream, beyond which sprang beeches and stately elms made deep shadows, leaving the greater part of the garden to the imagination. To the left the ground sloped upward, and a magnificent bank of rhododendrons and rhododendrons left only the quaint gabled roof of the stables in view. A tall, thin man of thirty-five or forty, with a handsome but rather worn face, was standing near the house attended by three setters, and talking to a gamekeeper. He came forward with a pleasant smile as Lady Temple and Geoffrey approached.

"Well, Geoffrey, my boy, where have you sprung from? We were coming to unearth you this afternoon, but this is better still. Adeline, the luncheon bell has rung, and nurse has been looking for Harry. Run in, my little man." Then, as the boy disappeared, followed by his mother, he passed his arm within that of Geoffrey's and led him up to his dressing-room. "You are in luck, Geoffrey, my boy," he said, as the door closed behind them. "Your old flame, Eva Dayrell, is here, and her sister Milly, and Jack Digby, and Tom Lee—a very jolly party. I'm afraid you'll find yourself somewhat supplanted in the fair Eva's affections by Tom. He has been making close running there lately, and that young matchmaker, Addie, asked them here to finish it off."

"He is heartily welcome to her," returned Geoffrey, brushing his hair vigorously. "I have no intention of spoiling sport. I was faithful to her for six whole weeks, but I am afraid I had nearly forgotten her existence till you spoke. She has money, and Tom has none, so I think it will do very well."

"You abominable flirt—you cold-hearted ruffian!" laughed Sir Henry. "She's very pretty and very nice, and I hope sincerely she'll knock you over more than ever, and then marry Tom to punish you. May I ask, if that place is occupied by a new love?"

Geoffrey laughed and opened the door to go down.

"It is not very likely in this deadliest of places," he answered lightly, as he went down the wide oak staircase. "Temple, my boy, I like your little cottage. Let me know it Newland Abbey is likely to be in the market. How do you do, Miss Dayrell?"—as a dark, handsome girl met them in the hall. "How kind of you to come so far to see me."

"I expect that is your sweet belief," answered the girl, laughing and shaking hands, whilst the crimson in her cheeks deepened considerably. "You are vain enough for anything. Of course you came over the moment you heard I was here. I have been expecting you all morning." She looked up into his face as she spoke, with a keen hungry look that he did not notice, and would not have understood if he had; then, as she read with a woman's instinct the utter coldness there, her pretty mouth took a bitter curve as she added quickly, "You have probably forgotten my very existence in the three weeks that have passed since we parted."

Those were almost the very words he had addressed to Sir Henry, and the latter glanced at his mischievously.

"He's a bad lot, Eva," he said, laughing "but his turn will come some day, and then mark my words—he'll take the complaint severely."

They were in the great, oak ceiled dining-room by this time, were Lady Temple and her other guests were already seated at luncheon; and Geoffrey, after shaking hands with the rest, dropped into a seat next to his hostess, sighing:

"Oh, the ecstacy of sitting once more at a decent table among civilized beings! Lady Temple, you cannot imagine all I have suffered during the past month."

"I'm sorry for you," said Geoffrey, rising and walking round the table to get some more cold beef, for Lady Temple wisely dispensed with servants at luncheon. "May I ever be defended from falling into the hands of so cruel a fair one, Temple? How are the birds this year?"

Eva Dayrell crimsoned, and pushed aside her plate.

"It is too hot to eat," she said, petulantly. "How I hate August! I should like to go to sleep from the middle of July till the hunting begins. I get sick of everything and everybody in August."

"Where are you going till the first of September?" and, after that, birds all day and every day. Men are always thinking of their own sport."

"It is the best thing they can do since ladies prize their society so little," remarked Capt. Lee quietly. Eva bit her lip.

"I only said 'among the men,'" she said, coldly. "Those who have no wives present we forget quickly when absent."

"Considering your last remark about me, I think you might allude to me as present," said Geoffrey, in a low tone, which only Eva Dayrell understood to mean, "I am not to be put down so easily." She looked back to him with a look that alternately softened and hardened as her changing feelings swayed her, and then answered, in a voice which, though low, was audible to all:

"Perhaps I have been unjust to you. Mr. Chetwynd opened her purse, and dashed it out of sight, but I am willing to be friends if you like."

Geoffrey had not intended to be had given her in the morning in a moment of pique, but he had come there to win her, and he felt that the time for the quick look she gave him as she impulsively put the purse back into her pocket. He was a handsome man, and Geoffrey understood enough of the power of his own beauty to know that it would make a capital husband, though she would rule him entirely, as his heart was strongly than his head.

Here Geoffrey's meditations ended as he contented his tiny lodgings and dinner took the place of Eva Dayrell. It was dark, save for the light of the stars and a very young moon, when he had finished, and lighting his pipe, he strolled up the village toward the cottage. Mrs. Elton was singing when he reached it, and, more careless of being discovered he leant

heard some whisper of it by this time, for her father's estate joined that of old Mr. Chetwynd, and his life at home and in town was open to her. She would get Lady Temple to ask him to stay there and then, if it were all in vain, she would—ah, what? She glanced at the pale, clever face with its bright smile and thoughtful eyes, she drank in the tones of his mellow, well modulated voice, and knew that she could not forget him—could not love him less; and her heart throbbed with pain and self-reproach at the thought that this was the only man she had ever tried to attract in vain. Suddenly the wound herself from her reverie, as Lady Temple said:

"Henry, do you remember that beautiful young widow, Mrs. Elton, that we used to see in church, and that I tried to make friends with? Mr. Chetwynd has found her out, and scraped acquaintance with her, and admires her as much as I do."

"That's a calm assertion, Lady Temple," exclaimed Geoffrey. "I don't believe I admired her at all, though I am ready to admit it now, if you ask my opinion. I think it is one of the loveliest faces I have ever seen."

"I remember her," replied Sir Henry. "I said she was my idea of Helen, of Troy, with the weary look in her great, gray eyes. She looks like a woman with a story."

"Probably not a very creditable one, as she is so averse to making friends," remarked Miss Dayrell.

"Oh, I don't know that, Eva!" said Lady Temple, quickly. "Any great sorrow would make most women shrink from society—and she is a widow, poor thing."

Geoffrey Chetwynd turned to her with a smile.

"Lady Temple," he said, in a low voice, though every word reached Eva Dayrell's ears, "you cannot think how it warms a man's heart to meet with a woman who always has a kind word to say of her fellow creatures. I always feel when I have been in your society, that you have done me good."

Lady Temple's face colored with pleasure.

"It is easy to think well of the world when it is so kind as it is to me," she answered, smiling, and then she rose to leave the table.

CHAPTER IV.

That evening, through the shady lanes, Geoffrey Chetwynd walked back with thoughtful brow to his lodgings. He had refused to stay to dinner from a latent hope no did confess even to himself of hearing Mrs. Elton sing once more, and Captain Lee had volunteered to walk back part of the way with him. As soon as they were well out of the gates, the latter began in a quick, dry manner

"Look here, Chetwynd, you're a good fellow, and I'm going to speak plainly to you. I know you won't take offence. Have you any thoughts of ever asking Eva Dayrell to be your wife?"

"None whatever, answered Geoffrey, in a tone of astonishment. "Such an idea never entered my head. Why——"

"Because you'll be wasting your time if you do," said Lee, interrupting him hastily. "I don't say that she might, misunderstand you. You're paid her a lot of attention, and people will talk, you know, and a girl soon hears, and how's she to know whether you mean anything or not."

"I'm pretty sure Miss Dayrell understands me," answered Geoffrey, throwing up his head, and looking straight before him. "I have never said one word that could mislead her. I'm no flirt."

"No, you're not, I know," allowed poor Tom, bravely. "Don't be angry, old fellow, but you see you're a shocked talking way about you, you're very often in her society, for instance, you've been sitting by her side all the afternoon—and I'm not quite sure that she understands you mean nothing. I watched her rather closely to day."

"I sat by her because it was the only seat vacant, and she's a nice, pleasant girl," said Geoffrey. "We always have been capital friends, but she's much too sensible to mistake friendship for love."

Perhaps so," replied the other, with a sigh but it's just this: if you are not in earnest, I am. I know you are not the fellow to stand in my way willingly, and I thought, if I had you, you wouldn't that is, you would—I mean you'd keep away from her. I believe a lady read to her——"

"Never for my dear fellow," answered Geoffrey, putting his hand on Tom's shoulder, "I'll never read to her, or sing to her, and, as Miss Dayrell is quite understands me, I am sure you."

Perhaps so," replied Tom. "I do owe you a good deal of gratitude for your kindness to me here. I shall be extremely grateful if you keep out of the way and never come near us at all, for I'm not to be trusted. I'm afraid I've had a touch of the sun, and I'm not quite myself. I'm not sure that I shall not ask you to be my best man."

"I shall be delighted to do anything for you," said Geoffrey, heartily, "and, as to dinner I think I'll dine at home."

I should rather think you would," said Tom, with a chuckle, "for you've been out to dinner every day for the last week. I don't believe Eva Dayrell understood us—nothing could be more delicate than the way you managed it. She had a headache this afternoon, and looked quite ill, and I'm sure she was grateful to you for not making a fuss about it. I'm not a marrying man myself, but I'm sure I should be very happy to see you and Eva Dayrell married, and I'm sure you would be very happy, too. Good-night, old fellow, and don't forget that you've promised to be my best man."

"Good-night, Tom," said Geoffrey, heartily, and, as he walked on alone, he thought, with a sigh, "Poor Tom! I'm afraid he's in for a bad time of it. I wish I had never seen Eva Dayrell. I shall be awfully sorry to lose her as a friend, but I must keep out of her way, for I'm afraid I'm in for a bad time of it, too."

Here Geoffrey's meditations ended as he contented his tiny lodgings and dinner took the place of Eva Dayrell. It was dark, save for the light of the stars and a very young moon, when he had finished, and lighting his pipe, he strolled up the village toward the cottage. Mrs. Elton was singing when he reached it, and, more careless of being discovered he leant

against the gate and listened. It was no "The Banks of Allan Water" this night. Through old accustomed ways still sang "La Sonnambula" and Robin Gray"

"Oh in the stilly night," "Auld Robin Gray" —all songs of his mother's, and Geoffrey's eyes were dim as he stood gazing seaward or turned slowly up and down the solitary road. The moon rose, and two minutes later she stood at the gate, a tall, slight figure in white, looking like some lovely spirit, Geoffrey thought, in the mountain light. She started as she saw him forward, turned as if to retreat, but stopped when she saw who it was.

"I'm afraid I startled you," he said, smiling, "please forgive me. I have been singing your songs, and those dear old songs took me back to the days of my childhood, when my mother used to sing to me. One never hears them now."

"They are in an old book that belonged to my mother," she answered, gravely. "I never get new songs in this remote part of the world. I do not know what are pretty."

"May I ask you some more when I go back to town?" he asked, trying to speak carelessly. "I often attend ballad-concerts, and I think I know what would suit your voice and please you."

"Thank you, I prefer the old ones," she said.

"At any rate, I will send you the names of the prettiest," he answered, after a slight pause, and perhaps when you hear them me better you will let me send some songs."

"I am not very likely to know you better," she said quietly. "I live here, and you will probably return to town soon, and never see this place again."

"I am quite sure I shall come here again," he returned, quickly, "and I do not feel very anxious to leave it. The place takes my fancy."

She did not answer, and after a pause he went on:

"I have been lunching with the Templos today. Lady Temple spoke of you, and seems sorry that you will not make friends. She said you resulted all her advances."

"Lady Temple is very kind," she answered, slowly: "I do not want to enter into society. In my small experience of it I have not found the world very kind."

"Not kind to you! I can hardly credit that."

"It is true, nevertheless," she answered, sadly. "Do I look like a woman on whom life has smiled?"

"No: but life has scarcely begun for you yet. Brighter days are before you. I feel sure. A shady lane often turns out a sunny day, you know," he said, smiling down at the fair young face.

But he met with no answering smile. The rarely sweet mouth quivered for a moment with a very different emotion as she answered, slowly and dreamily:

"There can be no sunshine for me now. The calm grey of my present life is all that I can expect, and that may be taken from me at any moment. But good-night, Mr. Chetwynd. I must not stand here talking to you, careless as I am of the curious gaze of others."

She held out her hand over the low gate, and he took it in his for the first time, and never had he touched Geoffrey Chetwynd's heart quicker-used as it did at the touch of those soft, warm fingers.

"Good-night, Mrs Elton," he said warmly. "I shall stroll along the cliffs while the music of those dear old songs is in my ears. I can do me best know the pleasure you have given me."

"I am very glad," she responded, in her grave tone, and then she turned and walked toward the house, while he strolled slowly off on.

Delighting his pipe, which had gone out during his conversation with Mrs. Elton, he thrust his hands deep into his pockets and took him self to task as he had done before.

"Confound it, I have given good friend, if you will take a piece of sound advice you will be off and away from this place before you are many days older. Are you aware of the twinge it gave you when you heard of a woman's love have seen only three times in your life? Are you getting weak in brain to be so utterly befooled by any woman? I think it is high time you were back to work, my good fellow. Are you going to let a pair of blue eyes and a pair of lovely lips make a fool of you? If she takes my fancy and it can be nothing but my fancy in these four days—why should I bar them her like a fright- ened cat? I am not going to do that. But I am deemed poor if I marry a girl without money. But riches are not everything in this world. The poor old governor would be terribly vexed, for he does not want the world to know of those unlucky losses of his, and I should be very enough to vex him. But she has money apparently—probably four or five hundred a year to live on she does, and that's enough, Lord bless me, I am not going to marry her! Marriage! I must be more stark. I never seriously contemplated marriage in my life and here am I absolutely thinking about it with a perfect stranger! But it is a woman, after all, man, and that's the truth—and it's not her face exactly that fascinates me. I can under- stand how for the first time how Mary of Scotland's men were fascinated by her, for something like Mrs Elton. I feel a sort of con- viction that my time has come, and that I am going to take the complaint very badly as Temple says. I'll go home and get to bed. I'm hape I shall recover my senses in the night. I only hope all those fellows from the Abbey won't come loafing over here to-morrow. I wish they had never found out the beach, but I know more about her one way or another."

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A Trained Mule.

From the Rockville Md. Sentinel.

As is well known the law of this State is very stringent in regard to the sale of liquor on election day, and many expedients are resorted to by the thirsty to obtain a supply of the "article" on that day. One of the most smart dodges resorted to in that di- rection, but the latest and smartest invented on Tuesday last, is accredited to Jeff Davis, of Bran, who made his appearance here with a wagon drawn by his favorite mule a mule. No sooner had he arrived upon the principal street than the mule fell upon the ground, ap- parently in the throes of death, and in the ex- cess that mules are heir to, and the sight soon attracted a large crowd of sympathizing friends of the mule's master, and many were the sug- gested for relief. Henry, however who pro- fessed to know the character of the disease said that nothing would relieve it but a liberal drench of "stagger juice," and by the aid of a medical gentleman a bottle of this was procured. Immediately after this arrange- ment was made the animal seemed to rapidly improve and was soon upon his feet before taking a drop of the "medicine." The thirsty crowd dispersed and the last seen of Henry he was repairing to a bar-room to get a certain quart of "medicine" and renovating the old- fashioned style, so "relished in our day" especially on election days. Several parties offered him a large price for the animal before he left here. He thinks he will keep him until next November.

The "Pie Man" of Chicago.

From a Chicago Letter.

He seems to be always on the tramp. From early morning until late at night he is on the street, and at all hours of the day I have met him or seen him in his ordinary wandering. His spe- cial subject seems to be pie, and he is the first one perhaps his eye, and the inspel of his coat, while he sticks himself in every convenient pie- ostensibly, when he meets a little child he will stop it, take a pie off his coat, and with a be- nignant smile hand it to the youngster and resume his walk.

Upon meeting him a day or two since I no- ticed a load of pale upon his face which I had never seen before, and learned that he had been robbed a little sum of money in one of our fashion-mating hotels. He lives alone in a cot- tage on the extreme limits of the city, and seems to have no kindred or friends. He will say he has relatives, but in his past history, the only kind ever there, as far as known, was his wife, who died some years ago. She left one son, who is now a young man, and who, it is said, is doing well in the city of Chicago. The pie man is very fond of this son, and speaks of him often and affectionately. He is also very proud of his wife's memory, and has a picture of her which he carries with him. He says that she was a good woman, and that he was very happy with her. He has been in the city for many years, and has a large number of acquaintances, but no intimate friends. He is a man of fine appearance, and has evidently seen better days. He is very fond of children, and is always ready to do them a favor. He is a man of good habits, and is not known to have ever been intoxicated. He is a man of fine appearance, and has evidently seen better days. He is very fond of children, and is always ready to do them a favor. He is a man of good habits, and is not known to have ever been intoxicated.

FORGOTTEN GRAVES.

Sometimes I think, when all alone
In darkness I sit and muse,
Where over the little grassy hills
The wind of autumn blows,
The lonely graves grown dilapidated,
The unshorn sexton's tools,
The moss but How remembered them,
Long, long them green and dell!

I think—when all alone I sit
Where only fly the bats—
Of graves that no one visits any more
A thought, for none of such
Where friends are dead or lonely lead,
Where footfalls grow dull weke
And rust engrosses the handle
Of the gate. Do not my fate

WE say dear one mine me from
My old, familiar place,
Where flowers bloom and birds sing between
The neighbor and my face!
Oh, in the still of the night
I know not, if to day
Some heart would refer for just my sake,
If I had passed away.

What matters it? If we but rest,
Where quietly folk no more
Whether the sunlight or the storm
Is shadow or in sun?
Or, sad forgotten, even that mine
Low hillocks every where
Its pitying arms should not forget
To keep it green and fair!

The Flooded Gulch.

I warn't never meant for no sailor, I warn't but I come of a great nation, and when a chap sent one way says he'll do a thing he does it, and I'd go to sea and I went and that you are. I said I'd drop hunting, and take to mining, and that I was, and that's how it come about.

You see, we was rather rough out our way, where Her Lane and me went with our bit of tent and pickers, shooting-irons, and such like, meaning to make a pile of gold. We went to Wathoo, and didn't get much, then we went to Port Laramie, and didn't get on there. Last, we went right up into the mountain, picking our way amongst the shoes, for Hes so, "Look here, old Jem, I'm fit to go back to where I been afore. If we get what the boys are at work already, they're took the cream, and we gets the skim milk. Let's you and me get the cream, and let some of the others take the skim milk."

"Good for you," I says, and we tramped on day after day, till we got right up in the heart of the mountains where no one hadn't been afore, and it was so still and quiet, as it made you quite deaf.

It was a strange, wild sort of place, like as if one of them rocks called giants had driven a wedge into a mountain and split it, making a place for a bit of a stream to run at the bot- tom, and lay bare the gold we wanted to find.

"This'll do, Dab," says Hez, as we put up our bit of a tent on a pleasant green shelf in the deep valley place. "This'll do, Dab," that's yaller gold spangling them sands, and running in veins through them rocks, and yellow gold in pockets of the rock.

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But it wouldn't do. I soon see which way the wind blew. She was the only woman in camp, and could have the pick, and she picked Hez.

I was "bout starin' mad first time I met them two together—she a hanging on his arm, and looking up to him like as worshiping him like as though the human women can worship a great, big, strong he, and as soon as they war got by I swore a big oath as Hez should never have her and I ploughed up my six shooter, give my bowie a whetting, and lay in wait for him com- ing back.

It was a nice time that as, as I set there, seeing in fancy his kissin' her sweet little face, and her a-kissin' him back. If I was a good man, I was ten times worse now, and when I heerd Hez comin', I stood there on a shelf of rock, where the track came along, meaning to put a bullet in him as he passed, and then drag her over into the Gulch. But I was that mad that when he came up cheery and singing, I forgot all about my shooting-iron and bowie, and went at him like a wild cat, scratching and fighting with the water once more. I don't know how I did it, only that, after a fight, and being half smothered, I found myself crawling up the side of the Gulch, over a low down, and drag- ging Jael after me safe place with her hairs.

She fell down afore me, hugged my legs and kissed my feet; and then she started up and began starting up and down, smiling by seeing, just above us, old Hez dragged there still with his sound arm rammed into the bush, and his body swept out by the fierce stream.

The next moment she had seized me be the arm, and was shrieking at him, and she gave a wild kind of shriek.

"He's a gone coon, my gal," I says, though she couldn't hear me, and I was gloating over his agonies, and white face and such, close neck, as I thought that now she was mine—all mine. I'd saved her out of the Jood, and there was no Hez to stand in our way.

"Save him!—save him!" she shrieked in my ear.

What, Hez? Save Hez to come between us once more? Save her husband—give mine I loved, and would gladly save? Oh, I couldn't do it, and my bosom shewed it, the reading me like a book the while. No, he might drown—he was drowned—and he did, says he, "but then he moved. But, someone! I wasn't going to risk my life for his, and cut my own throat as to that future.

She went down on her knees to me, though, praying again at when Hez still floated; and the old feeling of love for her was stronger on me than ever.

"You're asking me to die for you, Jael?" I shouted in her ear.

"Save him—save Hez" she shrieked.

"Then, save him," I groaned to myself. "Bring him back to the happiness that might be mine. But she loves him—she loves him; and I mean—"

I gave one look at her—as I thought my last—and I couldn't help it. If she had asked me kindly, as she did, to do something for them as me, I should have done it; and with a true, pure love still up there in my heart I stepped in once more, to have the same fight with the waters till I was swept down to the beach where he was.

I'd got my knife in my teeth to cut the bush away and let him free; but as I was swept against it my weight tore it away, and Hez and I went down the stream together; him a- going to pass me by, and I a-going to his help.

Something seemed to tell me to finish him off. A minute under water would have done it; but Jael's face was before me, and at last I got to the other side, and by clinging along for a side us; and if it hadn't been for the hand she stretched down to me, I should never have crawled out with old Hez—I was that done.

As I dropped down, panting on the rock, Jael came to my side, knelt over me and kissed me, and turned away, for the next moment she was trying hard and bringing her husband to, and I was beginning to feel once more that I had been a fool.

I ain't much more to tell, only that the flood went down "most as quick as it had come up, and Hez got all right again with his broken arm and side. They thought kindly to be friends, but I kep' away. I felt as if I'd been a fool to save him, and I was kinder 'shamed like of it, so I took off to Frisco, where after cham- aining about, I took to voyages to Panama and back, and the sea seemed to suit me like, and there I stuck to it.

And there I seem to stick yet.

IT IS THEIR WAY.

What Mrs. Walter Whitman Discovered on Opening a Letter Addressed to Her Husband.

From the Richmond Inquirer.

Mrs. Walter Whitman is all the rest of them. She loves Whitman as a wife should, and she knows that he does not pass an hour of the twenty-four where he would be ashamed to take her. Still, when the carrier came along the other day and shoved a letter under the door, she seized it, fell into a chair and ex- claimed,

"What a letter for Walter!"

Yes, it was a letter for her husband—a plain brown envelope, and the superscription was in a small hand.

"A pick!" she whispered, "disguised hand plain envelope—came to the house by mis- take!"

She held the letter up to the light, turned it over and over, and began to plan what she would do in case it turned out to be from a woman.

"May be from a widow," she mused, "or from a sentimental young lady who wants to sepa- rate us. If it is—if any living woman shall dare to attempt to take him away from me, I will never rest till I poison her. Oh, Walter! Walter! Walter! How I have married a villain, and can I ever live through this ordeal!"

She leaned back and wept as if death had invaded the house. Finally, imbued with something of the energy of desperation, she sat bolt upright, pressed her left hand to her throbbing heart, and read.

Walter Whitman, to Gray & Day, butchers, debtor for fifty-two lbs. at 10c.

The Fair Sex and Loquacity.

From Finley's Magazine.

The fair sex has ever been proverbial for lo- quacity. Whether this be true or false, I am inspired by the knowledge of this fact when, in writing about commencing with the old formula, "Whereas," I suddenly perceive I be substituted "Know one woman," etc., "for, in the mind of woman there is but one, all men would will." Illustrations of this "touch of nature" abound from Flintarch downward. Let it suffice that we recall the story of the young man elected into one of the national councils of ancient Greece, whose transactions were kept secret until at no time profaned by the unhallowed presence of the now ubiquitous male reporter. His wife pressed him hard to tell her something of their proceedings by argu- ment, persuasion, and entreaty, without effect. Worsted at length by her importunity he con- sented at the same time warning her of the consequences should the matter be divulged. He then instructed her to tell her father, and in discussing the question whether it would be bet- ter that one man should have his wives or that one woman should have two husbands. Next day while the wives men were in consultation, a deputation of the women waited upon them, and desired to be a petition before the Senate; and on being admitted the spokeswoman proceeded to say how much they admired their sex, and should be known on a question so momen- tous as that under consideration, and urged that they were highly desirable that a woman should have two husbands. The senators were all struck dumb by the request, and looked to one another for an explanation; whereupon the recently admitted member accounted for the singular request by the explanation of the stratagem to which he had resorted for the sake of peace, at the same time proving to the satisfaction of the Senate that in his deliber- ation whether other tales to the same effect had not been told. Their prospect and spirit show the general estimate of

Commandments in Deadwood.

From the Deadwood Pioneer.

A correspondent writing from Central City, near Deadwood, gives the latest Black Hills version of the Ten Commandments, which, he says, have become the common law of the land.

We had to bring a man to the other day. We'd been pestering it off on account of lack of time and a bit of sentiments till the morals of the town had become as bad as those of Chicago. In all camps and towns in the Hills there are certain understood things. They form a sort of unwritten Decalogue and are read as follows:

1. Thieves and robbers will be driven out of camp at first offence—hung for the sec- ond.

2. The man who picks a quarrel had better pick up his traps.

3. Men convicted of murder shall be hung on the same limb.

4. Passing bogus money will entitle a chap to run out of town, everybody taking a kick at him as he goes.

5. Don't covet your neighbor's wife.

6. Living with her husband.

7. Whack up even on all "finds."

8. No shirking in an Indian fight.

9. Minors must be paid when due, or down goes the maker.

10. Rebellion against the legal authority of the Vigilance Committee will result in confinement in a blockhouse.

Many a man has been given a show here and not shied a hair, and the man who doesn't mean to, will, sooner or later, be choked to death.

Had no Idea of Business.

From the Duxbury News.

A reporter for the local edition of the Dux- bury News went to see the young lady he is to marry on Sunday evening. She met him at the door with a solemn face.

"Oh, Tom," she cried in an agitated voice, "we have had a terrible time. Pa fell down stairs, and she caught her foot in the carpet and we want the whole length——"

Hold on!" exclaimed the excited youth, driving nervously into his hip pocket for his note book, "let me get this down. Fell down stairs, and ma's recess. "Now go on; go on, Matilda; go on, but be calm! For heaven's sake, be calm! Kill her!"

"Scream!"

"Break her back? Crush her skull? Be calm, be calm! For the sake of science, be calm!"

"Why, Tom," moped the girl, frightened by his impetuosity, "it wasn't serious. It was——"

"Wasn't serious!" he broke in. "Do you mean to say she didn't break anything after all that fuss?"

"Why, certainly not. She never hurt her- self a bit.

"Well," ejaculated the young man with an expression of disgust on his face, as he sadly restored the book and pencil to their places, "that's all a woman knows about business."

Wynfield Ellistone's Vacation.

"Ah, here you are, Leonora! I have been looking for you everywhere."

The slight figure leaning over the balcony falling in the moonlight turned and looked up at the speaker with a smile.

"How you startled me!" she said. "I am glad you have come, though. Is it not lovely out here?"

But Jaffrey Ellistone shrugged his shoulder and drew her hand through his arm.

"The night wind is damp and chilly," he said; "and, besides, my brother has come. Let us go in;" and they went into the house to- gether.

So that was Wynfield, the twin-brother of whom she had heard so much.

Miss Vecquercy looked at him curiously, as he rose and came forward to greet her, and her first sensation was one of disappointment, for she had imagined that he would be much like Jaffrey.

True, he was like Jaffrey in some respects. There was the same tall, broad-shouldered, erect figure, but the new-comer was slighter, and there was an easy grace in his every move- ment which Jaffrey, though never awkward, did not possess.

There were the heavy Ellistone brows, almost meeting over the rather high nose, and the slender, Ellistone shapely hand, alike in both; but there the likeness ceased.

Jaffrey's face was dark, bold as his brother's, but they had a way of looking everyone sqnarely and steadily in the face, which Wyn- field's had not; and while Wynfield's mouth, all concealed by a heavy moustache, was weak and undecided in expression, Jaf- frey's was a bit stern and obstinate, the thin upper lip shutting down firmly and squarely on the slightly projecting under one, and Jaffrey's smile, though much less frequent than his brother's, was as sweet and tender as a woman's.

Miss Vecquercy noticed those things at in- tervals during the evening—the difference be- tween the two; and she noticed, moreover, how the grave Jaffrey seemed to watch his brother's every movement with a quiet happiness in his eyes.

He had told her long ago how dear this twin brother was to him, and to-night she saw, by the look on his face, how much had remained unsaid.

"You are glad to have him back?" she ques- tioned, when Jaffrey sat down beside her for a moment, and he smiled his sweet, slow smile.

"Very glad," he said; "I missed my mountain- eer sadly while he was away. I shall want you to become great friends, Leonora;" and just then Wynfield came across the room and joined them.

"Intruding, of course," he said, sitting down on a low ottoman before them; and then he announced his intention of remaining there the rest of the evening.

"Jaffrey is inclined to be selfish, I see," he said, laughing. "I strongly disapprove of it. I wish to become acquainted with my sister that is to be—to find out if it is to be my duty to forbid the banns."

And then Bell Ellistone called Jaffrey, from the other side of the room, and they were left alone.

"I intend, if possible, to make that young fellow jealous," said Wynfield, as Jaffrey de- parted. "Do you think it is fair, Miss Vec- quercy?"

"Scarcely," said Miss Vecquercy, smiling, yet half annoyed.

Then, slipping easily to another subject, he said, suddenly, "By the way, Miss Vecquer- cy, did you ever think that Jaffrey would make a beautiful Enighna? I am sure he would;" and Miss Vecquercy, looking across at the pure, pale profile," smiled assent.

"He is like him, too, in many things," con- tinued Wynfield, with an amused side glance at variance with his usual light, careless ways "only gentler and kinder. I am very proud of my brother, Miss Vecquercy"—this with a sudden, upward glance, keen and sharp as a hawk's, and then he cast aside his unwanted gravity, and laughed and complimented and talked "society" until the evening came to an end, and Miss Vecquercy bade him good- night.

"What a fascinating fellow he is!" she thought as she brushed out her braids. "Jaffrey is worth half a dozen of him, though."

And with this confession of reflection Miss Vecquercy went off to sleep with her fair cheek nestled coolly on the hand which wore Jaffrey's engagement ring.

"Confoundedly handsome!" was Wynfield's comment, as he went up to his own room. "Jaffrey's taste is good, at all events. She's got lovely eyes. Helgho! Jaff's a lucky fellow!"

And dismissing the subject with a yawn, Wynfield went to sleep to dream strange, con- fused dreams, haunted by Miss Vecquercy's "lovely eyes."

Such pleasant days as followed this!

Rides, walks, picnics, boatings, followed each other in rapid succession. "Fairview had never been so gay," the villagers said.

The Ellistones and the invited guests from the city in honor of Miss Vecquercy's presence- and as Bell and Rose Ellistone were fond of gaiety they improved every moment of the long, sunshiny days, seconded always by their brother Wynfield, who seemed to give two years of his life entirely to the occupation of pleasure-seek- ing.

Suddenly, however, a little cloud came over Miss Vecquercy's sunshine, for Jaffrey was called away.

"Never mind," he said, cheerily; "I shall come down Saturday nights, and you—I shall depend upon my brother Wyn to see you don't become lonesome. Will you look out for her, Wyn? I leave her in your charge," and so Jaffrey departed.

She had thought to find it dolefully lone- some without Jaffrey, for she had learned to depend upon him greatly, but Wynfield proved the contrary.

He devoted himself to her in every way; he read to her, he talked to her, he sang to her, he walked and rode with her, and the days slipped by pleasantly until Jaffrey was back again.

Then Miss Vecquercy's heart smote her be- cause she had not been more lonesome.

But Jaffrey was so honestly glad that she had been, that she felt reassured.

The next week, when Jaffrey was detained in the city over Saturday and Sunday, she was, in truth, greatly disappointed.

But still it was impossible not to enjoy the long, quiet afternoons under the apple trees in the orchard, with Wynfield lying at full length on the ground at her feet, lazily handsome, reading ever and anon scraps of poetry, or talking in the serious way which he exhibited to no one else.

"I begin to think," he said, lazily brushing off an intrusive grasshopper, "that, after all, Miss Vecquercy, I am a failure."

Miss Vecquercy's wide eyes widened.

"Indeed?" she said, slowly; "and why? Is there no amendment possible?"

How beautiful she was in her light muslin dress, her soft hair blown about a little by the fresh breeze, and her wide hat shadowing her face.

Wyn looked at her covertly under his long, golden lashes, and, in his heart of hearts, admired her more than he had ever admired any woman in all his reckless, careless life.

"Possibly"—perhaps; probable?—no. If I might ever find anyone to care for me as you care for Jaffrey"—the keen eyes were watch- ing her wistfully, although she did not know it—"if I might find some one to care for me like that, I think I should reform."

"Are you, then, so very wicked?"

She smiled as she asked the question, and looked down at his questioning- ly; and he answered, laughing, "Not a saint, as the world goes; almost a monster in comparison with Jaffrey. He is King Arthur over again.

"King Arthur and Eujelons! You are fond of comparisons."

Miss Vecquercy laughed; but there was a lit- tle flush on her face, and she soon as she spoke.

"I must go in," she said. "It is nearly dinner time, and I have to dress. Do not disturb your- self;" but he rose and went in with her.

The next day Bell and Rose had a very lan- ish party; and, as the nights were growing cool, there was dancing in the evening. Miss Vecquercy, who had been in her room all day with a headache, came down in the evening, her beautiful hair loosened for once from braids and bonds, and floating around her like a golden cloud, her fair face a little pallid from the recent pain, and her white dress unmarred by ribbon or ornament.

"You are lovely indeed!" said Wyn, taking possession of her in his lordly way when the music stalled that she might rest a moment be- fore she was claimed for the next dance.

"I wouldn't," she said, with a sage shake of her golden crowned head. "It wouldn't do at all, you know."

"Why not?" The question was short and sharp, and she looked up, startled by the tone.

"Why not?" he repeated, and then a sudden wave of crimson swept over her face.

"Brother Wyn," she said, "what can you mean?" and she tried to draw her hand from his arm, but he held it closely, smiling down at her still.

"Why wouldn't it do?" he demanded. "Such things have happened. They might happen again. Perhaps it has happened. It would be Jaffrey's own fault. He ought not to have trusted me. Leonora, look at me,"

For one moment Leonora Vecquercy stood silent; then she raised her head proudly.

"Well, she said, "what is it?"

The steady eyes did not falter as she met his gaze. She did not drop her lashes as she saw the look on his face.

"Leonora," he said, "you are angry with me?"

She drew her hand away, not hastily, but de- cidedly.

"No," she answered, "not angry;" and then the band of her engagement ring glistened in the moonlight before his eyes. He spoke again after a pause.

"Forgive me;" and that was all he said.

"I have nothing to forgive," she replied, still looking at him steadily. "I am Jaffrey's promised wife, and you are his brother, whom he loves."

For one moment he stood silent, gazing down on her beautiful face, then his proud head drooped a little, and he held out his hand.

"Heaven bless you," he said—"you and Jaffrey both, and good-bye."

"Good night, you mean?"

She gave him her hand, and looked up at him questioningly, but he shook his head.

"I go back to York to-morrow. I received a letter to-day which is a good excuse. I shall go in the first train, before you are awake. My vacation has been too long already."

"And Jaffrey?"

She asked the question imploringly, know- ing how disappointed Jaffrey would be.

"I shall meet him at the railway junction," said he. "I could not well go back without doing so."

And then, as Rose's voice was heard ap- proaching, he said, hurriedly,—

"I have done wrong, but it is a wrong which harms no one but myself. Jaffrey is better than I am in every way. He can be happier always, both of you. He is worthy of your love. Leonora, one your hand for the last time. Leonora, and good-bye."

And he left her.

How a Vicious Horse was Subjugated

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

The horse is a thoroughbred and imported Irish Harkaway, long famous as the Galway "cross country horse," but the virtues of which breed are slightly vitiated by an unconcealed desire to eat a groom on the half shell before starting out. This horse had list of maidens and what rendered those fits more undesirable was the fact that there could be no authoritative investigation into the cause of the trouble. On the occasion of one of these fits his keeper was seized by a happy thought. He and just learned that the way to get over one of the insufficiently cooled potatoes which he had roasted for his unintimal meal. He thought it would be fun to let the horse, perhaps, and certainly for himself, if he could fool his Harkaway countryman upon an incandescent potato on breakfast. So the horse advantage, therefore, to eat him, he threw into his mouth a red hot potato. The effect was marvellous, and the attention of the Ira- reys and Tapps is called to the result. The horse bit into the potato, and all his at- tention was immediately given to getting the hot fodder out of his mouth. The result of this operation was that the horse was not only cured of his biting propensities, but he never afterward attempted to eat any one by his bite, but wonderfully vigorous for his years—just the physique for a man born to do it—and the deal that he has—to destroy and create cur- rents.

Occupations of Anglo-Saxon Women.

The ladies of the Anglo-Saxon household were not at all behind the men. Alfred was generally the distinguishing implement of the household, and was considered the model lady of the family. King Alfred, in his will, bequeathed to his daughters, says that his grandfather had bequeathed his lands to the Anglo-Saxon people, and to his wife, Ealhswith, and to his daughters, nothing wool, basting flax, and washing garments were considered occupations equally honorable and pleasant for the women of ordinary rank. The daughters of King Edward, Alfred's successor, were taught their father's love for liter- ature and the needle. Before the Norman period, English ladies were celebrated for the excellence of their skill in spinning, weaving and embroidering; and one of the early Norman writers says that the French admired the beautiful dresses of the English ladies, and adds that English women excel all others in the art of working with gold and embroidering with gold. English girls are spoken of, in the life of St. Augustine, as being taught the Latin language and reading the ensigns of the priesthood and royalty with gold and purple and precious stones. Queen Ed- ward, the wife of King Edgar, worked with her own hand, a stuff bordered in its whole extent with gold work, and ornamented in the midst with gold and precious stones engraved in pictures.

SELF-DENIAL is the most exalted pleasure and the conquest of evil habits is the most glo- rious triumph.

A STRANGE STORY.

Romance of a Garrett County Negro Who Married Into Royalty.

From Oakland (Md.) Corr. Wheeling Register.

Thirty-three years ago a family named Ben- jamin, consisting of father, mother, son and daughter, resided in one of the Western States near a small town called Blank. The father was a blacksmith and lived in style, and his daugh- ter Mabel, a child between two and three years of age, was always elegantly dressed and George, the son, a grown-up youth, was prepared to go to an Eastern school. One day little Mabel dis- appeared and her parents never heard of her again, although they spent thousands of dollars in searching for her. The heart- broken mother died soon after the loss of her darling, and the father wandered over this country and Europe, and finally settled in New York City, where he died. George grew to manhood, and the memory of his little sister was almost effaced from his mind. In his twenty-seventh year, while visiting a married friend, he fell in love with the governess of his friend's children, a beautiful girl of about twenty-three, and after some courting they were married and lived happily for five or six years, a boy and girl being born to them dur- ing that time.

By the death of an uncle in San Francisco, George was left a considerable fortune, and the lawyer who conveyed the intelligence to him also stated that his sister's career had been fraced. A tramp on his death-bed in a New York police station confessed that he and two com- panions had stolen little Mabel, but before her clothes and a locket which she wore, and that she had continued with them for several years, when she left them. The pretty face shown in the picture of a kind-hearted lady in Paris, who adopted her and sent her to school, where she remained until she died.

Mabel then became a teacher in a large school in Cincinnati, and in her leisure hours began to take applied for asintuation as governess, and is now in the family of Mr. M., or at least that was the last place she had written from, and it is, "What was the name of the family she was with?" asked George.

"Mabel Perrie," was the answer.

"What name did my sister have?"

"Mabel Perrie."

"My God!" cried George in agony. "She has been my wife for five years."

Further correspondence with Paris proved it to be the truth, and the girl nearly went crazy, as she was a devout Episcopalian. A separation was decided upon, and they amicably divided. The children were placed with friends, as neither parent could bear the sight of what was to them the living corpse of their child. George, who is a poor girl is still living in a quiet city in New England, while the husband and brother, after spending all his property in investigating the dollars in dissipation, shut himself off from all society and became a recluse. He is said to be now a poor farmer in this county of Garrett, among strangers, and where few know his sadly re- markable story.

Andrew Jackson and the Pig.

Andrew Jackson, when he was a young man attending court at Rogersville, Tenn., he lived at a hotel famous for its good cheer. One day, he hid out on the piazza in front of the house along dressed in the pink of fashion, his eyes fixed on vacancy, reciping not to the saloon which it was the custom of the day to go for strangers to give each other. At a distance Jackson saw a fat pig, and com- menced to play the part of Boniface. He welcomed the silent stranger with unintelligible gibberish, and then fell to talking about the fire made room for him. But the automaton was not be won to conversation. He walked up and down the room contemplat- ing his own graces, and presently exclaimed, commandingly: "Landlord I want supper!" The paper was handed to the stately pig and he vowed it. Then he resumed his walk, answered with a grunt to the fierce challenges of the judges, and Jackson grew more and more wrathful. "Landlord, I want to go to bed!" was the next demand. And to be added, "I want a room to myself." Jackson represented that the house was full, and there was no room at all to spare. But the fellow was not to be moved. Jackson disappeared, and shortly returned, announcing that the guest's room was ready. Then he stood at the door and the raising of hats, to which the gen- tleman in the carriage gracefully responded. He had already taken off his co

BE MERRY WHILE YOU MAY.

"There is a crook in every lot,"
 A shadow on the road
Through which we journey on to reach
 A happier abode.
As surely as the evening comes
 To close the eyes of day,
Will grief appear; and so, my dear,
 Be merry while you may.

We cannot say to joy, "Remain,"
 Nor unto grief, "Depart;"
The morning and the night must come
 To every human heart.
And though the twilight hour dispels
 The cheerful, sunny ray,
Shed not a tear; but oh! my dear,
 Be merry while you may.

The sky may not be always bright,
 The sea not always calm,
Nor breezes bring an argosy
 Of odors or of balm.
'Tis time enough to weep and mourn
 When sorrow has its day;
And you'll agree 'tis well to be
 Right merry while we may.

Along the shores of life the tides
 Have ceaseless ebb and flow;
And through the year the seasons have
 Their time to come and go.
Then let us make the best of life,
 And if not always gay
Or full of glee, why shouldn't we
 Be merry while we may?

MODERN BILLIARDS.

An Interesting Exposition of the Beauties of the Game and Its Ancient History.

From the London Standard, October 24.

The billiard season has commenced, outdoor games are at a discount, though this exceptionally fine Autumnal weather may tempt many people to keep up their lawn tennis, and both sexes seek in the billiard-room the recreation no longer obtainable elsewhere. There is no game which has more steadily risen in popular favor of late years than billiards. No well-appointed town mansion or country house is now complete without its billiard-room, while the increase in the number of tables in hotels and taverns is enormous. Formerly played only by the upper classes, the game has become popular with all, and the aspiring clerk or shopman loses his money at "shilling-and-three penny" pool with as much sang froid as a "noble sportsman" parts with higher stakes. And in truth billiards deserves its popularity. There is no more fascinating game—none which requires the same amount of theoretical knowledge and manipulative skill combined, while at the same time it is a healthy exercise, developing the muscles and expanding the breast. To play billiards really well a man must take it in hand earnestly and attend to his game; but even as a purely social institution, where it is played solely for amusement, it has its advantages. Both sexes can play at it, and there are more unwelcome tasks in the world than teaching a rebellious little hand how to form a proper rest or advising a fair partner as to the best tactics to be adopted.

The history of billiards is involved in some obscurity. A French artist, Henrique Devigne, has been credited with the invention of the game; but the claim cannot be sustained, for he flourished in the reign of Charles IX., A. D. 1560-'74, and the game was undoubtedly known and practised in this country before the days of Elizabeth. It is clear, we think, that the game had an English origin and originated, as Strutt suggests, in one very similar to croquet, played at first upon the ground and afterwards transferred to the table. The allusions to it by old writers will throw some light on the question. We may note first the three allusions which are quoted in nearly every article and book on the subject, few writers having thought it worth while to search for any more. First comes Shakspeare's "Let us to billiards;" then there is the allusion in "A Lament of Charis," by Ben Johnson, where a lady's nose and cheek are said to be "smooth as is the billiard-ball;" and thirdly, the lines in Spenser's "Mother Hubbard's Tale," where billiards is classed with dice, cards and shuttlecocks as a recreation, "mis-seeming manly wit." Other allusions, however, are noticeable. Locke talks of the ball obeying the "stroke of the billiard-stick," and Boyle of "ivory balls meeting on a billiard-table;" while in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," among the "ordinary recitations" of Winter we find mention of "billiards." Misson, in his travels in England, also mentions the game" and Gayton, in his notes to "Don Quixote" (1654), refers to billiards being played in the taverns of that period. Evelyn, writing about twenty years after the above date, describes a table he saw in the house of the Portuguese Ambassador, and tells us that the balls were struck with a stick shod with brass or silver. There is also a reference to billiards in a note of payment made in the reign of James I, where a "joyner" is credited with the manufacture of a table of walnut wood. We have found also an allusion to billiards in the play of "Woman's Prize," by Fletcher, written somewhere about 1600, which, like many other of the early notices of the game, is not of a very complimentary character. In the memoirs of the Duke de Saint Simon, by M. Chemel, we are told that Louis XIV. often amused himself with billiards, and the wags of the time attributed the good fortune of Chamillart to his skill at the game, though probably he was wise enough not to beat His Majesty.

The old billiard tables were of various shapes—round, oblong and oval—some of which exist at the present day, and they sometimes had pockets and sometimes were without them. A curious picture in the School of Recreation (1710) shows us two gentlemen standing at a table with four legs and prodding at balls with carved cues held on the shoulder, while there are arches or "passes" on the table something like croquet hoops. One of the earliest games was known as the fortification game, the table being covered with forts or castles, and the players being ranged against each other, as French and English. Billiards was called an unlawful game in an act of the thirtieth year of George II., which prohibited the playing of the game in public houses under a penalty of £10. In 1801, or thereabouts, the cue seems to have superseded the mace, and some five and twenty years afterwards slate tables succeeded the old wooden one, while in due course of time the vulcanized india rubber cushions now generally used superseded those stuffed with list.

With the increased popularity of the game there has sprung up a generation of players whose feats with the cue would have very much astonished our forefathers. The first great player of our day who startled the billiard world and held the championship for many years against all comers was John Roberts, Sr., and the story of his rise and fall (to put him on the level with the Roman Empire) will give us a good idea of the progress of modern billiards. Roberts was a very good all-round player, but his great success and his large scores were principally attributable to the now famous "spot stroke," familiar to all billiard players, but which for the benefit of beginners, may be described as a series of consecutive red winning hazards into the two top corner pockets, the red being of course spotted after each stroke. Roberts tells us he learnt the spot hazard from an amateur in the Union Club at Manchester. Mainly by means of his proficiency at that stroke Roberts held the championship for years, and it was for long thought that no player would arise to beat him, while his highest "break" (or continuous score), 346 off the balls, which included 104 spot hazards, remained for some years the largest ever made. It was not until after Roberts had been champion for eighteen years that any one was bold enough to challenge him to an even game, and just previous to that challenge a very curious reform in billiards had been made, if, indeed, the change deserved that name. While Roberts was the only man who could do the spot-stroke a merveille, there was nothing said against it, but the moment younger players came to the front, and the spot-stroke was a conspicuous feature in all great matches, there was a cry against it, and the so called "championship tables" were made with smaller pockets, so contrived that a very large number of spots could not be accomplished. Nothing more absurd was ever done. Just as reasonably might the two universities, of Eton and Harrow, play with narrower balls or some modification of the wickets when they come together for their annual contest at Lord's. Nevertheless, a man was found bold enough to challenge Roberts, and on the 11th of February, 1870, William Cook, Jr., then a very young man, beat the veteran on one of the new tables, in a match of 1,200 up, by 117 points. Since that time there have been twelve matches for the championship, and Cook, Roberts, Jr., and Bennett have each at times held the trophy. Young Roberts is at present the champion, but Cook may win the next time, and the two players may be said to divide the championship honors between them, and be looked upon as the two best in the kingdom.

Turning to the bibliography of billiards we find a number of books professing to teach the game, and more or less successfully enabling the tyro to equip himself with a certain amount of knowledge independent of that gained upon the table. No one, however, can learn billiards from a book; a treatise on the game, no matter how exhaustive or practical, can only be regarded as an adjunct to practice upon the table, the latter being of paramount importance. More may be learned in half an hour from a competent marker or professional than from days of study; and much is also to be acquired from watching good play.

A word must be said in conclusion of the bad reputation attaching to billiards, owing to the amount of swindling which goes on at the game. And it is curious that in the earliest notices of it we find this stigma attaching to it. In a book published in 1801, by "Amateur," giving instruction in the game, we read of a Mr. Andrews, who was a great adept in those days, but who played with what is euphemistically called "latest finesse," which we presume means that this devotee of the game was a blackleg. In a work upon "Curling," published early in the century, an enthusiastic Scotchman goes out of his way to sneer at billiards, and declares that "jealousy, animosity and chicanery" are "presiding genii" of the billiard-room. Mr. White in his book also talks of the predatory designs of sharpers." Seymour's Complete Gamester" gives an account of a shameless piece of rascality at billiards in 1750; while another book published in the beginning of the century has some elaborate stories of billiard sharping. More modern works teem with the same complaints; and there is a story of a marker at Bath named Carr, who was said to be the inventor of the sun-stroke, who sold "twisting chalk" to confiding habitues of his rooms in order to enable them to imitate his dexterity. There is no doubt that a great deal of rascality goes on over the billiard-table, but the blame is no more to be placed to the account of the game than the betting on the University boat races altogether. The fact is, there is no more harm in billiards than in cricket, or any other manly game, when played in the society of gentlemen; and happily the extensive patronage extended to it of late years, and the discovery of its many fascinations, have done much to remove any remaining stigma which attached to what an old author has justly called le jeu Royal de billiard.

NINO BIXIO.

The Valiant Sailor and Soldier Whom Italy Honors.

A correspondent of the London Times writing from Rome says: "All the cities of Italy have sent a word of sympathy to 'Genova la Superba,' which has at this moment good reason to be proud of the funeral honors paid to the mortal remains of Nino Bixio. Of all the patriots who followed by their valor and worth the cause of a struggling country, there is no one entitled to more imperishable renown than this single-minded sailor and soldier. No one was more lavish of his blood, no one more heedless of personal interest, no one more indifferent to the mere clamor of popular applause, no one better deserved the designation of the hero sans peur et sans reproche. He seemed so far to have subdued fortune to his strong will that he found himself present at every action fought for Italy, always in the thickest of the fight, and never coming back without one or more wounds. In the defence of Rome in 1849, in the campaign of Lombardy ten years later, at Calatafimi, and on the Volturno, Bixio led the forlorn hope in these Garibaldian enterprises of which record enough will remain in history even when stripped of whatever may be dismissed as merely legendary. At Custozza, in 1866, where the Italians fought as fearlessly as they were unskilfully led, Bixio, for the first and last time in command of regular troops, was foremost among the generals who redeemed by their conduct the honor of an army doomed to unmerited defeat. 'A Custozzo,' he used to say, 'non si e voluto vincere.' In the intervals of peace, and after the fulfillment of his country's destiny by the occupation of Rome, Bixio's voice was heard in Parliament in rare instances, and only in vindication of some righteous principle or in furtherance of some generous measure. His eloquence was of a piece with his strategy—impetuous, untutored, but heart-storming. There was no withstanding the might of his suave voice or the flash of his eager countenance. Cavour himself was not listened to with more unflagging attention. He did not awaken more lively, more various or more enduring emotions, for Bixio was one of those men who think with their hearts and reach the head through the heart. Days of leisure and legislative work, however, were ill-suited to a man of Bixio's temperament. His life must be a battle and a march, and, as the struggle with men was over, he purposed to lead his countrymen in their fight with the elements. He was a Genoese, a sailor by his early training. He aspired to show the way into these remote seas which had witnessed the adventurous deeds of mediæval Italy. He thought that the united peninsula could and should rival the great maratime power in that commercial enterprise of which a few of her cities had once claimed the monopoly. He chartered a vessel, he steered through straits and past headlands familiar to him from early youth. His career was short, and not attended with immediate success. He lay almost forsaken on a lonely shore, from which only after two years his ashes have now reached his native land—a land only too ready to do justice to her children's memory, strewn with monuments to a host of worthies, hardly any of whom can lay higher claims to her gratitude than this single minded soldier and sailor. A monument best suited to the hero the Italians, it is to be hoped, will raise to Nino Bixio, by following up his schemes of a navagation company, opening a wide field for trading enterprise in those Eastern seas in which he pioneered the way with a courage deserving a better fate."

The Most Frightful Country in Europe.

A French traveller, M. Vandal, who recently visited Northern Sweden to see the "midnight sun" as it appears on the 24th of June, gives the following account of the country and its people:

"If the Lapps deserve the palm of ugliness amongst all the inhabitants of old Europe, their country is assuredly the most frightful of our continent. Horror is its special characteristic; stony plains succeed dried-up marshes the soil only shows at long intervals, covered with a blackish moss. Yet we are crossing forrests, but the firs composing them do not pass three feet in height. The zone of dwarf trees succeeds that of gigantic firs, like Lapps beside Scandinavians. Now and then a strip of cultivated land brings rest to the eye; rye wheat, ripen in forty days, and beneath an unsetting sun acquire a strange and rapid development. In the north, corn-stalks are often taller than trees. Sometimes a few lowly flowers tinge the hill-sides with their sickly greenery, scarcely tall as grass which has just begun to grow. But these fugitive appearances do not last—the desert begins again. Tumble-down cabins, in which the cattle are shut up in Winter, occur here and there on the plains, and only add through their ruinous appearance to the gloomy desolateness of the landscape. The country, nevertheless, is not without inhabitants; there are no towns or villas, but scanty buildings, scattered along the river side (the Tornea-elf) appear at short intervals. Perched on blocks of stone, which in Winter defend them against the assaults of the snow, they look rather like huts affording shelter to a nomad population than permanent shelters for the protection of families under a climate the most rigorous in the world. Broad skates stand up against the walls, their purpose is to bear the sledges which were used yesterday and will be used again to-morrow. On the threshold half-naked children gaze at us as we pass, their yellow hair thrown like a golden nimbus round their heads. Sometimes tall men smoke their pipes gravely before their doors, all wearing red flannel shirts, scarlet caps, and a kind of sleeveless vest in coarse woollen stuff, black or green. Under a sky without light, in a colorless country, the Finns have a passion for those bright tints and high tones of color which Nature denies them. The women wear gowns striped blue and red, and partly colored bodices."

The night of June 3 is celebrated in Northern Sweden by a festival which has perpetuated itself from pagan times. In Finland it is preceded by a universal open air bath, taken by persons of both sexes and all ages, in paradisaic costume. The day of the 24th is chosen by young folks for their betrothal on Mount Avasaxa. On the first rising of the sun, a hymn is sung by women. As soon as its full disc appears, there is an explosion of joy; choruses are sung, long strings of dancers stream along the sides of the rounded plateau of the mountain, and bonfires mix their pale light with the sun's rays.

MURDER MOST FOUL.

How Archbishop Thomas a' Becket Was Assassinated.

Mr. J. A. Froude, writing in the Nineteenth Century, says the Archbishop, Thomas a' Becket, was on the fourth step beyond the central pillar ascending into the choir when the knights came in. The outline of his figure may have been just visible to them, if light fell upon it from candles in the lady chapel. Fitzurse passed to the right of the pillar, De Morville, Tracy and Le Breton to the left. Robert de Broc and Hugh Mauclere, another apostate priest, remained at the door by which they entered. A voice cried: "Where is the traitor? Where is Thomas a' Becket?" There was silence; such a name could not be acknowledged. "Where is the Archbishop?" Fitzurse shouted. "I am here," the Archbishop replied, descending the steps and meeting the knights full in the face. "What do you want with me? I am not afraid of your swords. I will not do what is unjust." The Knights closed round him. "Absolve the persons whom you have excommunicated," they said, "and take off the suspensions." "They have made no satisfaction," he answered, "I will not." "Then you shall die as you deserved," they said. They had not meant to kill him; certainly not at that time and in that place. One of them touched him on the shoulder with the flat of his sword and hissed in his ears, "Fly, or you are a dead man." There was still time; with a few steps he would have been lost in the gloom of the cathedral, and could have concealed himself in any one of the hundred hiding places. But he was careless of life and he felt that his time was come. "I am ready to die," he said. "May the Church through my blood obtain peace and liberty! I charge you in the name of God that you hurt no one here but me." The people from the town were now pouring into the cathedral; De Morville was keeping them back with difficulty at the head of the steps from the choir, and there was danger of a rescue. Fitzurse seized him, meaning to drag him off as a prisoner. He had been calm so far; his pride rose at the indignation of an arrest. "Touch me not, thou abominable wretch!" he said, wrenching his cloak out of Fitzurse's grasp. "Off, thou panderer thou!" Le Breton and Fitzurse grasped him again and tried to force him upon Tracy's back. He grappled with Tracy and flung him to the ground, and then stood with his back against the pillar, Edward Grim supporting him. Fitzurse, stung by the foul epithet which Becket had thrown at him, swept his sword over him and dashed off his cap. Tracy, rising from the pavement, struck direct at his head. Grim raised his arm and caught the blow. The arm fell broken and the one friend found faithful sank back disabled against the wall. The sword, with its remaining force, wounded the Archbishop above the forehead and the blood trickled down his face. Standing firmly, with his hands clasped, he bent his neck for the death stroke, saying in a low voice, "I am prepared to die for Christ and for His Church." These were his last words. Tracy again struck him. He fell forward upon his knees and hands. In that position Le Breton dealt him a blow which severed the scalp from the head, and broke the sword against the stone, saying, "Take that for my Lord William." De Broc or Mauclere—the needless ferocity was attributed to both of them—strode forward from the cloister door, set his foot on the neck of the dead lion and spread the brains upon the pavement with his sword's point. "We may go," he said; "the traitor is dead and will trouble us no more." Such was the murder of Becket, the echoes of which are still heard across seven centuries of time, and which, be the final judgment upon it what it may, has its place among the most enduring incidents of English history. Was Becket a martyr, or was he justly executed as a traitor to his sovereign? Even in that supreme moment of terror and wonder, opinions were divided among his own monks. That very night Grim heard one of them say, "He is no martyr, he is justly served." Another said, scarcely feeling, perhaps, the meaning of his words, "He wished to be king and more than king. Let him be king, let him be king." Whether the cause for which he died was to prevail, or whether the sacrifice had been in vain, hung on an answer which would be given to the momentous question. In a few days or weeks an answer came in a form to which, in that age, no rejoinder was possible, and the only uncertainty which remained at Canterbury was whether it was lawful to use the ordinary prayer for the repose of the dead man's soul, or whether, in consequence of the astounding miracles which were instantly worked by his remains, the Pope's judgment ought not to be anticipated, and the Archbishop ought not to be at once adored as a saint in heaven.

IMMENSE NITRE DEPOSITS.

Which Will Prove of More Value than Guano.

On the Pacific coast of South America, extending from the fourth to the fortieth degree of South latitude, about 2,400 miles along the slope of the Andes to the sea, in Bolivia, Peru and part of Chili, where has been found a line of deposits of sodium nitrate, the "Peruvian nitre." The beds are of variable thickness, covered by from one to ten yards' depths of earth and half-formed sand stone. The soil of the greater part of this rainless country is pervaded, in some degree, with this deposit. The mummied remains of the old Peruvian people are embalmed with it by the earth in which they are buried; and its crystals glisten on those ghastly relics which were presented in the Peruvian department of the Centennial Exhibition, and those brought to this country by Dr. Steere. It has been estimated that in the Province of Tarapaca, within fifty square leagues, the quantity of the nitre is not less than 63,000,000 tons. The appropiation of this last resource has been taken up rather slowly, but it has much increased for ten or twelve years past. Vessels laden with it go to the coasts of manufacturing countries. At Glasgow the works devoted to the production of saltpetre from the nitre of Peru extends over acres of ground. In 1868 100,000,000 pounds were used in Great Britain. As yet it has been applied to the nourishment of crops only to a limited extent. But this seems to be its chief destination, and for this use it lies in the earth a vast mine of wealth, for the disposal of coming generations. When multiplied population puts the sustaining power of the earth really to the test, this fund of sustenance on the Peruvian coast may come to outweigh in value the gold and silver mines of the California coast.

The Oldest Human Relic in the World.

In the Etruscan Vase Room at the British Museum is to be seen the skeleton of one Pharaoh Mykerinus, decently incased in its original burial clothes, and surrounded by fragments of the coffin, whereon the name of its occupant can be easily read by Egyptologists; affording conclusive evidence that it once contained the mummy of a king who was reigning in Egypt more than a century before the time of Abraham. The proof is thus explained in the Gentleman's Magazine, April, 1866. About two years ago, Herr Duemichen, a German explorer of the monuments of Egypt, following up the indications pointed out by M. Mariette, a distinguished archæologist, discovered on the buried walls of the temple of Osiris, Abydos, a large tablet containing the names of the ancient Pharaohs from the time of Mizraim—the grandson of Noah, and founder of the Egyptian monarchy—to that of Pharaoh Seti I., the father of the well-known Rameses the Great, including thereby the chronology of nine centuries, viz., from B. C. 2300 to B. C. 1400. This tablet, by far the most important yet discovered, has been compared to the sculptured figures of the kings of England, at the Crystal Palace, from William the Conqueror to Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Astronomical evidence, moreover, enables us to determine the time of two important epochs in the history of Egypt, one of which is connected with our present subject. Sir John Herschel has fixed the age of the Great Pyramid of Ghizeh to the middle of the twenty-second century B. C. The tablet of Abydos shows that the Pharaoh whose bones we now possess succeeded the builder of the Great Pyramid with only two intervening kings. We are, therefore, warranted in assuming that the remains of Pharaoh Mykerinus, belong to the age to which we have assigned them.

—Aspiring artist to picture dealer exhibiting what he considers one of his masterpieces. "What do you offer me for that, my dear friend?" Dealer (resolutely).—"I will give you three francs." "Three francs! I gave you double that for the canvass," "Ah, but pardon. Then it had nothing on it."

THE ASH BARREL.

Its Mischevious and Malignant Character—Its Degraded Propensities and Implacable Hatred of Leading Drunkards.

From the New York Times.

That a man may be known by the animals he keeps is a generally recognized fact. When we are told that some definite woman is addicted to cats, we know at once that she is a very undesirable person, and as for the man who keeps a Spitz dog, all intelligent persons look upon him as a loathsome object, whose perverted tastes have dragged him down even below the level of the cats. Animals of the same variety of moral feathers flock together, says the familiar proverb, and there can be no doubt that those who seek the society of depraved and wicked beasts are themselves conscious of congenial depravity and wickedness.

Nevertheless, true as this rule ordinarily is, it has one notable exception. Intelligent, moral and thoroughly honorable men and women not unfrequently keep ash-barrels, and the fact cannot at present be construed unfavorable to them. Their conduct is, of course, explicable only upon the theory that they are grossly ignorant of the real character of the ash-barrel, and instead of recognizing it as one of the most treacherous, malignant and dangerous of the genus to which it belongs, they imagine it to be peaceable and inoffensive; and impute to innocent persons the outrage of which the ash-barrel itself is guilty.

It must be admitted that there seems to be a lack of good taste in making so ugly and repulsive an object as the common domestic ash-barrel an inmate of our households. It has a rough exterior, it is clumsy in shape, and is uniformly the reverse of cleanly in its habits. These, however, are but minor faults in comparison with its moral delinquencies. Perhaps the most prominent of its offenses is its incurable addiction to theft. There is scarcely any portable article which the ash-barrel will not steal. Of boots it is particularly fond, and hundreds of householders, after vainly searching all over their houses for missing boots, shoes or slippers, and after demonstrating to their wives that the missing articles constitute irrefutable evidence of the imbecility of women, have bethought themselves of the ash-barrel and found in its possession the stolen property. It is also excessively fond of crockery, whether broken or unbroken, and will surreptitiously seize valuable manuscripts and letters. In fact, there is scarcely any article small enough to be readily carried away and concealed which the ash-barrel will not steal, and it may be safely affirmed that in point of boots, crockery, manuscripts, and clothing generally, one full-grown ash-barrel is more destructive than ten of the largest and most depraved cats.

Another of the most conspicuous faults of the ash-barrel is its tendency to lie down and roll in the gutter whenever it is left to itself. No matter with what care its ower selects a pleasant shady tree under which to tether it, no sooner does it discover that no one is watching it from the front window than it promptly takes the gutter, where it is subsequently found covered with dirt and wallowing in its own ashes, in this respect it resembles the pig, but, unfortunately, it does not unite with this one porcine peculiarity any of those compensating virtues which have made the founders of Cincinnati and Chicago so justly popular.

To theft and a fondness for the gutter, the ash-barrel adds an active malignity which impels it to attack defenseless persons whenever, by the exercise of its cunning and treachery, it can render itself reasonably safe against punishment. For intoxicated men it cherishes an implacable hatred. There are many leading drunkards who can testify that while returning home late at night they have repeatedly been attacked with much violence by ash-barrels. It seems that in attacking eminent drunkards the ash-barrel generally hunts in packs; for it is well established upon the testimony of the victims that the midnight streets are frequently crowded with infuriated ash-barrels, which fly one by one at the hapless inebriate, each one endeavoring in turn to tear him to pieces with his sharp, hook-like claws, and to hurl him to the ground. Little is to be feared from the ash-barrel in daylight, but there is, nevertheless, abundant evidence that even when it is apparently dozing in the sun, it is often on the watch for incautious women, whose clothing it will instantly tear if they venture within its reach.

A still worse manifestation of the ash-barrel's malignity is its persistent habit of setting houses on fire whenever it is confined in the cellar or in the back yard. A very large proportion of the fires which annually occur in this city is the work of ash-barrels. This fact is so well established that no one dreams of denying it, but the proprietors of ash-barrels are usually so blinded that they do not blame their ugly pets, but excuse them by asserting that when hot ashes and burning coals are carelessly thrown upon the most peaceful ash-barrel, no one can blame it for becoming enraged and expressing its anger in the easiest and readiest way.

It will be asked why any intelligent person should tolerate for a moment the presence of so dangerous and hateful an object? The answer is found in the fact that the ash barrel fancier refuses to believe any evil of his pet. When stolen property is found in its possession, he claims that dishonest servants or casual thieves placed it there. When the ash-barrel is found in the gutter, he hypothecates a vague and unknown small boy, who has cruelly knocked the ash-barrel down. Thus blinded to its true character, many of our best citizens, who would even prefer to pick pockets or to start life insurance companies rather than to keep Spitz dogs, will keep their pet ash-barrel, and stoutly defend it against all aspersions. It is with the hope of convincing these people of their error that the real nature of the ash barrel is now set forth; and it is to be hoped that this unpleasant duty will not prove to have been performed in vain.

Anecdote of Lincoln.

From Harpers' Monthly.

"One day," said Mr. Lincoln, "when I first came here, I got into a fit of musing in my room and stood resting my elbows on the bureau. Looking into the glass it struck me what an awfully ugly man I was. The fact grew on me, and I made up my mind that I must be the ugliest man in the world. It so maddened me that I resolved, should I ever see an uglier, I would shoot him at sight. Not long after this Andy —— (naming a lawyer present) came to town, and the first time I saw him I said to myself, 'There's the man.' I went home, took down my gun and prowled round the streets waiting for him. He soon came along. 'Halt, Andy,' said I, pointing my gun at him. 'Say your prayers, for I am going to shoot you.'

"Why, Mr. Lincoln, what's the matter? what have I done?'

"'Well, I made an oath that if I ever saw a man uglier than I am, I'd shoot him on the spot. You are uglier, sure; so make ready to die.'

"Mr. Lincoln, do you really think I'm uglier than you?'

"'Yes.'

'Well, Mr. Lincoln,' replied Andy, deliberately, and looking me squarely in the face, 'if I am uglier, fire away.'

A Canary Which Sings "A Life on the Ocean Wave."

From the Binghampton Times.

J. G. Christopher, a barber at Ballston Spa, is the possessor of a remarkable canary bird, the voice of which has been developed in a peculiarly painstaking manner, so that now this "educated" songster can successfully render the well-known air, "A Life on the Ocean Wave." The bird will commence to warble like any other of these pets, but after uttering a few tunes will immediately strike into the tune, and when its voice has attained full height the above tune will be sung entire, and in a manner that sounds singularly melodious and attractive, literally setting to note its natural vocal powers. This was also achieved after the most diligent and patient attention. As soon as the bird was old enough to pick up a living, it was put in a room apart from all others, and a music box also placed in the apartment that was kept perpetually going, repeating the one tune over and over again, so that this singular pupil had no other person to learn from but that. After four months of such apprenticeship, the owner was rewarded by hearing this little favorite render "A Life on the Ocean Wave" as naturally and perfect as if that was the song of its ancestors.

—A fashionable young man lately presented his sweetheart with a string of pearls. As she hung them joyously about her neck, a cloud came over her brow, and she cried, "Beloved, do not pearls betoken tears?" "Don't fear," was the response; "them's imitation."

THE RICHEST WOMAN.

Baroness Burdett Coutts, the Proprietress of One of the Largest Banks in the World—Some Interesting Scraps of Her Eventful History.

The London Times of September 18 announced, that from that date Mr. Edward Marjoribanks ceased to be a member of the firm of Coutts & Co. A few days later the same paper stated:

In reference to the fact that one of the senior partners in Messrs. Coutts & Co. has recently ceased to be a member of that firm, we have been desired to point out that neither he nor any of the other partners held, or have held, any ownership in the bank. It belongs solely to Lady Burdett-Coutts, as heiress of the property of the late Mr. Thomas Coutts.

This means that all other partners are and have been simply what is called partners at will. Be that as it may, they have made a nice thing of it. Within the last ten years three have died, and none of them was worth less than $3,000,000.

Mr. Thomas Coutts died, aged ninety-one, in 1822. He did not found the house, but he gave it the fame it enjoys. Lady Burdet, the mother of Baroness Burdett-Coutts, was his third daughter by his first wife, an excellent woman of humble origin. He left the whole of his immense wealth, after providing handsomely for his daughters, to his second wife, Miss Mellon, a celebrated actress, and she, no doubt in accordance with his wishes, bequeathed it to his granddaughter. Why Lady Burdett-Coutts was thus selected has not been explained. As soon as Mrs. Coutts was known to have inherited this prodigious fortune, she became a central figure in English society. The London papers in 1825, when she emerged from widowhood, devoted much space to her doings. Mrs. Coutts entertained at dinner last night H. R. H. the Duke of York, the Duke of Wellington, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll," etc., and she figures in half a dozen novels of that day, notably in Disraeli's "Vivian Grey." Five years later she married the Duke of St. Albans, but a life annuity of £30,000 a year was all he or his family got by the marriage. The lady knew full well how to hold the purse strings; for in her youth every penny had been of importance to the struggling actress. She hated the Beauclerks, the Duke's family, and left a special proviso against their ever occupying a house she left the Duke.

In the early part of her career, the Baroness Burdet-Coutts was, like Queen Victoria—to whom men in the pit of the theatre used to write notes to say that they had caught the glance of her eye, and were ready to consent to become prince consorts—dreadfully pestered by would-be suitors, and a certain Mr. Dunn, became such an insufferable nuisance that she had to seek a legal remedy. When she appeared in court, and during the proceedings could not conceal her tears, consequent on the disgraceful behavior of Dunn, an intense feeling of sympathy was excited, and if the crowd had caught the offender it would have gone hard with him. There is little doubt that her money had made her an old maid, but she probably finds compensation in the fact that it has also made her the most popular woman in London, with which city she has always closely identified herself; for Lady B. Coutts, with all her millions, has no country seat, except a villa, inherited from the Duchess of St. Albans, at Highgate, in sight of the metropolis. Her town house is an immense bay-windowed mansion on Stratton street, a cul-de-sac which runs along side the walls of Devonshire House in Piccadilly. Its windows command a fine view of what is called the Green Park and Buckingham Palace. The mansion contains quantities of very costly objets d'art, including a cabinet said to have been appraised at 18,000 guineas.

She entertains a great deal, and gives perhaps larger dinner parties in her vast dining-room than any other place in London, but neither her dinners nor her balls are exceptionally recherche. Still she sees all the most interesting people. She is an intimate friend of Mr. Gladstone, who, in 1871, advised the Queen to raise her to the peerage, and he and his family passed several weeks with her in town some years ago when his own house was not available. Mr. Harness, Julian Young, and, until he separated from his wife, Charles Dickens, were also among her frequent guests. A most important person in her establishment is Mrs. Brown, her inseparable companion, into whose good books it is highly important for any one desiring the favor of the Baroness to get.

Lady Burdett-Coutts is now about 60; she is tall and thin, with a very amiable expression of countenance and pleasing voice and manner, the latter being utterly devoid of the slightest arrogance or pretensions. Her political sympathies lean decidedly toward liberalism, and she cherishes the fondest recollection of her father, the radical Sir Francis Burdett, a gallant, honest, impetuous gentleman, who probably keenly enjoyed finding himself a state prisoner in the Tower of London. To whom Lady Burdett Coutt's enormous wealth will go is not known. Her brother, Sir Robert, is a queer old bachelor, with 200,000 a year, but she has nephews and nieces who are by no means wealthy, and who consider themselves eminently eligible for thumping legacies. Some of them, however, have not been altogether satisfactory. It is hoped by her countrymen and women that it may be many a day before her will comes to be read, for her death would be little short of public calamity.

How They Do in India.

This is the way in which native officials in India make up for smallness in salary. The story has often been told with variations, for it is a thing that happens every day. As an illustration, however, of petty organized corruption a better instance could hardly be found outside the borders of Russia. The traffic manager of the Madras Railway discovered that the people about his office were in the habit of exacting fees from the native rice merchants who came to his office to register their names for rice wagons. He accordingly communicated with the Commissioner of Police, who sent some of his detectives to discover the real delinquents. The first demand was made at the outer gate of the railway station, where eight annas were paid by each for the privilege of passing within. At every fresh barrier an additional charge was made, the highest sum being claimed by the manager's door-keepers, who exacted from three to five rupees for each person admitted; in all nearly twenty rupees had to be paid before the great man's presence could be approached. The money given by the pretended rice merchants had been marked, so that when they came forth in their true character there was no difficulty in seizing the guilty and bringing them to justice.

Bulgarian Peasant Funeral.

On the front of the wagon rode the priest, carrying in his hands a sacristy made of clay, and behind sat one of the relatives. It was followed by a small crowd of about 20 or 30 mourners, mostly women, wearing gowns of coarse, homespun cloth, colored aprons, and handkerchiefs on their heads being the usual costume of the country. Arriving at the ruins of the battered and destroyed Church of St. George, the procession stopped, and the mourners crossed themselves, while the priests scattered incense on all sides. The corpse, which was wrapped in a colored blanket, the face only being exposed, was carried into the church, placed before the altar and laid feet eastward in the blanket, the head being supported by a pillow. The body was clad in gold-braided bridal costume, a handkerchief on the head, shoes and stockings on the feet, and a gold chain around the neck. On the breast was placed a lighted, triple-branched wax taper, and bunches of flowers were also laid on the breast and placed in his hand. A small oil lamp was burning near the head. A loaf of bread on a plate, a pan of boiled wheat, and a dish of honey were set near the corpse. The mourners and congregation, to the number of about fifty, mostly women, each held a lighted taper, as did also the two officiating priests and the clerks.—Under the Balkans—More.

A Novel Swindle.

A pork-packer of Indianapolis, while bartering for a carload of hogs, recently, noticed that the backs of the hogs were covered with mud, and an examination of the floor of the car revealed to him the fact that the alluvial accumulation was not a matter of accident, but of design, several hundred pounds of clay of wonderfully adhesive properties having been systematically thrown upon the floor and dashed with water, to which the hogs, with their well-known propensity for wallowing, had gone with considerable gusto. He did not like the appearance of the muddy porkers, and refused to buy, but later in the day ascertained that the drover had sold his hogs to another packer, and was bragging loudly that he had not only saved shrinkage, but received more than thirty-seven dollars for the mud which enveloped them.

LITERARY NOTES.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of this city, have just published, as the eleventh volume of their handsome "Dollar Series," "A Woman's Thoughts About Women," by Miss Mulock, the celebrated author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," and other highly popular novels. This work does not pretend to solve any problems, to lay down any laws, or to decide out of one life's experience any of those great questions which have puzzled generations, and will probably puzzle generations more. In the volume, many women will find the expression of what they have themselves consciously or unconsciously oftentimes thought, and the more deeply, perhaps, because it has never come to the surface in words or writing. In short, the book is one that every woman ought to read, for it is intensely instructive and interesting, as well as practical. It is published complete in one large duodecimo volume, and is elegantly and substantially bound in tan vellum, embossed in gold and black. Price one dollar a copy.

Messrs. Porter & Coates, of this city, have just published "The Bar-Rooms at Brantly; or The Great Hotel Speculation," by T. S. Arthur. This is another of Mr. Arthur's noted temperance tales, and a powerful one it is, too. To strength of plot and vigor of conception it joins an earnestness of purpose that cannot fail to fasten attention and excite admiration. The story abounds in dramatic scenes, and the dialogue is forcible throughout. All the characters are brought out with vivid and artistic pencil-strokes, and the reader cannot fail to carry them in his mind's eye long after he has laid aside the book. Mr. Arthur is an entertaining writer, and the lessons he teaches in his fictions are always healthful. "The Bar-Rooms at Brantly" is well printed on a fair quality of paper. It is 12mo. size, and contains 437 pages. There is an attractive frontispiece representing the "Burning of the Great Hotel." The book is very neatly bound in ornamented cloth.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., New York, have issued, as the fifth volume of their "Collection of Foreign Authors," "Meta Holdenis," a novel by Victor Cherbuliez, author of that charming fiction, "Samuel Brohl and Company." It is a powerful story, graphic and vivid in the extreme. The plot is strong and artistically developed, whilst the characters are clearly portrayed, and thoroughly individualized. We cannot say that the tale impresses us as favorably as did "Samuel Brohl and Company," but, nevertheless, it is well calculated to please, the interest being unflagging and very evenly sustained. The translation is clear and satisfactory. The work is well printed on good paper, and presents an attractive appearance. Price, in paper cover, fifty cents per copy. For sale in this city by Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

From Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. we also have the "Illustrated Hand-Book of American Winter Resorts." This work, which is accompanied with maps and numerous descriptive engravings, is intended for the accommodation of invalids, as well as tourists, and gives a full account of all the prominent winter resorts in the United States, West Indies and Sandwich Islands, together with rates of travel and hotel charges. In fact, it is a perfect vade mecum for the traveler, and is very interesting as well as useful reading. It is gotten up in excellent style, and, in paper cover, sells for fifty cents per copy. In this city it may be obtained of Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

From Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, we have received Charles Dudley Warner's new book for children, entitled "Being a Boy." It is just the thing for the juveniles of the masculine gender, and will make a Christmas present that any of them will vastly enjoy. Mr. Warner writes in a pleasing and unaffected style, and couches his ideas in simple words, the meaning of which every boy can understand. The work under review is not exactly a story, nor is it an essay, but a cross between the two. It deals largely with the country, and shows exhaustively what a boy may do on a farm, with passing comments on Thanksgiving and Christmas. "Being a Boy" is full of taking engravings, and is printed in large type on tinted paper. It is in one volume 16 mo. size, 244 pages. Neatly bound in cloth, the price is $1.50 per copy. For sale in this city by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE MAGAZINES.

Harper's Magazine, for December, is a model of literary and artistic excellence. A most attractive feature of the number is Longfellow's poem, "Keramos," beautifully illustrated by Abbey and Fredericks. While the subject of the poem is one dear to the hearts of all bric-a-brac hunters, the poet has transcended its more obvious features, and given us not only a poem of marvelous skill in realistic description, but also an imaginative work of the highest order. The number opens with Milton's "Hymn on the Nativity," with seven effective illustrations by Fredericks. Mrs. Spofford contributes a paper, beautifully illustrated, on "Elizabethan and later English Furniture." It is a careful study of decorative art since the Renaissance, and the author's [illegible]

George Lowell Austin; it is finely illustrated, among the pictures being an excellent portrait. There are several little gems of poems in the number, by Edgar Fawcett, Ella Farman, Annie Boynton Averill, etc., together with Parlor Pastimes, Music, Prize Tangled Knots, etc. The "Behaving" paper on "How to Amuse Younger Children," by the author of "Ugly Girl Papers," is alone worth the price of the number in any family where there are little folks. In the January number there will be a long story by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, entitled, "The Little Savages of Beetle Rock," and none of the boys and girls should miss it. $2.00 per annum. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

The American Agriculturist, for November, is richly illustrated, and full to the brim with matter of interest concerning the farm, garden and household. Published by the Orange Judd Company, New York.

The Western Agriculturist, for November, has reached us, and contains its usual amount of attractive reading-matter relating to agriculture, horticulture and the household. The number is illustrated. Published by T. Butterworth, Quincy, Illinois.

The Folio, for December, which is adorned with the portrait of Miss Carlisle, is edited with the usual care, and contains ample and interesting information concerning music, the drama, art, and literature. It has, besides, several pieces of vocal and instrumental music. Published by Messrs. White, Smith & Co., Boston.

NEW MUSIC.

From Messrs. White, Smith & Co., Boston, we have "George C. Dobson's New School for the Guitar," an admirable work for all who wish to learn to play on that instrument speedily and well.

From Messrs. G. D. Russell & Co., Boston, we have the initial number of "Russell's Musical Library," containing three excellent songs, namely: "The Kiss, Dear Maid," "Little Golden-Haired Nell," and "Gently Lead Me by the River." Price twenty-five cents.

From Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, we have the following pieces of new music: "Sometimes," by Sullivan, a good song; "Still Thou Hast My Heart's Devotion," a tip-top ballad; "'Twas But a Rosebud You Gave Me," a pretty ballad; Mendelssohn's "Evening Bell," a fine piano piece; "Sweet Bye and Bye," a pleasing transcription by Hinman, and "The Little Girl's Polka," a good piece for beginners on the piano.

HOUSEKEEPER.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Three pints of graham flour, one and a half pints of white flour, one half pint of molasses, a little salt, one cupful of yeast. Mix rather wet with a spoon.

ONE WAY TO DO IT.—The lady who wishes to gain strength and reduce stoutness, must eat meat and beef-tea, no hominy, grits, or cream. She can drink claret, but not ale or beer, and if she can take exercise enough to digest her food, she may hope to gain strength and reduce the flesh.

WAFFLES.—Sift one teaspoonful cream of tartar, the same of salt, with three cupfuls of flour, dissolve one half teaspoonful of soda in a very little hot water, two well beaten eggs, two cupfuls sweet milk, one tablespoonful melted butter; mix well. Add the flour at the last, and if the batter is too thick pour in a little more milk; bake in waffle irons, and dredge with powdered sugar before sending to table.

FOR SPONGE CAKE.—Ten eggs, one pound granulated sugar, half the weight of the eggs in flour, one lemon. Two persons must make this cake—one beats the whites of the eggs, while another beats the yolks with the sugar, the flour must be sifted and warmed, the pans buttered before beginning to beat, and the lemon juice squeezed in a cup, and the rind grated; never stop until it is in the oven, but only stir in the flour after all the rest is beaten.

EGG-PLANT.—Cut in slices about a quarter of an inch thick (do not peel it), remove the two end pieces, sprinkle each slice with salt; put the slices together and put a tin plate on top, with a flat-iron on top of the plate for one hour or more, wipe each slice in a towel, dip each slice in a batter made of a cupful of sifted flour, two eggs, and enough milk to make a thin batter; lift them out with a fork, one by one, into a frying-pan of lard half full; see that it is hot enough by throwing in a small piece of bread; if it browns at once it is hot enough; when brown on under side turn over; when done lift with skimmer on paper to soak the grease that remains; dish up on a napkin and serve.

CURE FOR DYSENTERY.—The following simple remedy, long known in family practice, was recently tried in the camp of the New York Twenty-second Regiment, where there were from eighty to one hundred cases daily; and with rapid cures in every case. Recipe: In a tea-cup half full of vinegar, dissolve as much salt as it will take up, leaving a little excess of salt at the bottom of the cup. Pour boiling water upon the solution till the cup is two-thirds or three-quarters full. A scum will rise to the surface, which must be removed and the solution allowed to cool. Dose: Tablespoonful three times a day till relieved. The rationale of the operation of this simple medicine will readily occur to the pathologist and, in many hundred trials, it has never been known to fail in dysentery and protracted diarrhea.

SKELETON LEAVES.—Handle very carefully, and have patience. July and August are the best months to gather leaves for this purpose, though later will sometimes do. Get perfect ones; place them in glass jars; fill with water, add 10 or 12 drops of muriatic acid for every pint of water. Keep the jar covered and in the sun. If the water evaporates, add more, with acid; it must be kept full. It will do no harm if the leaves are crowded a little. Look after them often, and when the fibre seems loosened take out the leaf, place it on a piece of glass. If the leaf is a frail, thin one use a tiny soft brush to remove the pulp; if the leaf is thick and strong rub the pulp off between the thumb and finger; work carefully. Delicate, thin leaves require much less time than [illegible]

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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PHILADELPHIA
1924
ESTABLISHED AUG. 1, 1821

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TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the postmasters, will search diligently for new subscribers to the Saturday Evening Post, or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves that they will show a copy of the Post to some other influential and respectable person who will be willing to do so.

We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers published feel so perfectly that it will obtain all competition.

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 28, 1857

SAMUEL WARREN.

Last July quietly passed from life a man who had made a lasting mark upon English literature, but who for a long series of years had been content to consider himself left behind in the advance of the tide of popular taste. This man was Samuel Warren, whose famous novel of "Ten Thousand a-Year" has, perhaps, been more extensively read and admired than any romance published in any language. Warren was born in 1807, and was the son of a Welshyan clergyman, who afterwards took orders in the Church of England. He studied medicine in Edinburgh for some time, but, after abandoning the idea of becoming a physician, he went to London and began to read for the bar. It was whilst a student in the Inns of Court, that he commenced his literary career by writing the initial chapter of his "Diary of a Late Physician." This chapter he took successively to the conductors of three leading London magazines, who rejected it as unsuitable and void of probable interest. It was then offered to and accepted by Blackwood, and the first-class contents appear to be the rule, that is if the publication of these tales, or sketches, Christmas books already issued and on sale. There are volumes for boys, volumes for girls, and volumes for grown-up persons, all of real and permanent value, and the line between now and Christmas will be filled with many attractive works of more of the same kind. Books, also, are not too costly for limited purses, and, in fact, they are about as suitable presents as can be given.

Another kind of gift is a year's subscription to a weekly literary and family newspaper, such as the SATURDAY EVENING POST, and such a present is always related, as it has a permanent value, and, arriving every week with its fresh and varied matter, of mental food, is a perpetual reminder of the kindness, thoughtfulness and good wishes of the giver. Other presents become old and lose their charm almost ere the holidays have departed, but the newspaper is never old and always welcome, and when the bill is handed to him as the author the astonished editor, glancing at his gloves, black coats, exclaimed: "I had thought your hair must be as grey as mine!"

Upon the countenance of Mr. Moody and Sankey, and a look a new lease of popularity which has existed to the present day, and bids fair to continue indefinitely. The Diary of a Late Physician is full of delicate studies of human nature, and has all the various balance of a real record of medical experience. In it the mental side of suffering receives especial attention, and treatment, but all the sketches in the book are eminently strong and fascinating. Although the popularity of the "Diary" was so great as to insure success for any other work from that author's pen, the "Diary" literary welfare was also at the outset an anonymous one. The first chapter of "Ten Thousand a-Year" appeared in Blackwood for October, 1839, and at once excited a great interest, which long was not exhausted until all that there was to tell of the fortunes of the Aubreys and of the career of Titmouse had been revealed. The time was one when no novel but of intrinsic strength and merit could have held its ground. Scenes of the grossest nature of English fiction were then before the public, and both genius and power were needed, not to beat but to keep neck and neck with them in the race. Faults were found in "Ten Thousand a-Year," but did not serve to lessen the interest, and its success was simply enormous. When it finally came out in book form it had another extended run, and the hold it then took upon the public has never up to the present moment relaxed.

In "Ten Thousand a-Year," besides a noble plot, there is an exceedingly strong cast of characters, every one of them vividly drawn and distinctly individualized. Aubrey, with his virtues, Tittlebat Titmouse, with his worthlessness and selfishness, Gamm-n, with his Satanic combination of lofty intellect and daring purpose with deceit and baseness, Quirk, with his grovelling rascality, Snap, with his petty chicanery, and Kate Aubrey, with her sweetness and amiability, together with a host of lay figures, afford marked contrasts and give a thorough insight into almost every phase of humanity. "Ten Thousand a-Year" was written with a purpose, and there is no fear in asserting that no discerning reader ever laid it down without feeling that he had been listening to a great preacher, who had expounded the weighty text of human life as it has rarely ever been expounded before. In fact, "Ten Thousand a-Year" is a remarkably fine novel, and richly merits its enduring success. Warren could not retain his anonymity after the extraordinary hit of his great romance, but, amid all his prosperity and popularity, he remained as modest and unassuming as ever. Up to twenty years ago, he contributed many sketches to Blackwood. These have been collected in a volume of "Miscellanies" and are still read with interest. Warren also wrote "Now and Then," and was the author of several successful law books. Impressed with the importance of exercising his powers for a higher object than the mere amusement of his readers, it is not strange that Warren would not trim his sails to catch the passing breeze, and so passed out of the field of authorship, leaving his place vacant whilst he was yet alive.

Notwithstanding his great literary triumphs, Warren continued his career at the Bar, but with no very notable success. His political friendships, however, at last gave him places which he worthily filled, and in 1856 he was returned to Parliament. He remained in the House of Commons until 1859, but his labors as a legislator were not remarkable. His indifference to his popularity and his neglect of letters caused the witty Sir George Rose to write of him at one time:

"Though many may resort at you, Warren, and say, Billy, you, for has again been elected to serve,
Take a hint, change the venue and still persevere,
And you'll end as you start with 'Ten Thousand a Year.'"

But Warren did not see fit to heed Sir George's advice, though he did end with "Ten Thousand a-Year," for he never wrote anything to equal that great novel, and on it he was content to rest his claim to literary distinction.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

As the Yuletide season is now fast approaching, it behooves people to think a little about what Christmas gifts they will bestow upon their families and friends. The shop windows are rapidly filling up with all kinds of suitable objects, and, apparently, there will be even more than the usual "embarrassment of riches" to select from. Of course, there will be knick-knacks without number, and among them many articles of real value and usefulness. It is always a good plan to select from the latter list, especially when the times are as stringent as at present. Something ornamental is attractive for the moment, but something that has other qualities than those of a mere souvenir is invariably preferable form any reasons. If, as often the case, the useful and ornamental can be combined in one object, so much the better.

In the latter catalogue books have always held a prominent place, and deservedly so, for they are at once attractive, entertaining and profitable. This year, the publishers of the land seem to be vying with each other in getting out beautiful books of real merit for Yuletide gifts. Showy, but not flashy bindings, fine typography, elegant paper and first-class contents appear to be the rule, that is if the publication of these choice works of Christmas books already issued and on sale. There are volumes for boys, volumes for girls, and volumes for grown-up persons, all of real and permanent value, and the line between now and Christmas will be filled with many attractive works of more of the same kind. Books, also, are not too costly for limited purses, and, in fact, they are about as suitable presents as can be given.

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In the latter catalogue books have always held a prominent place, and deservedly so, for they are at once attractive, entertaining and profitable. This year, the publishers of the land seem to be vying with each other in getting out beautiful books of real merit for Yuletide gifts. Showy, but not flashy bindings, fine typography, elegant paper and first-class contents appear to be the rule, that is if the publication of these choice works of Christmas books already issued and on sale. There are volumes for boys, volumes for girls, and volumes for grown-up persons, all of real and permanent value, and the line between now and Christmas will be filled with many attractive works of more of the same kind. Books, also, are not too costly for limited purses, and, in fact, they are about as suitable presents as can be given.

Another kind of gift is a year's subscription to a weekly literary and family newspaper, such as the SATURDAY EVENING POST, and such a present is always related, as it has a permanent value, and, arriving every week with its fresh and varied matter, of mental food, is a perpetual reminder of the kindness, thoughtfulness and good wishes of the giver. Other presents become old and lose their charm almost ere the holidays have departed, but the newspaper is never old and always welcome, and when the bill is handed to him as the author the astonished editor, glancing at his gloves, black coats, exclaimed: "I had thought your hair must be as grey as mine!"

Upon the countenance of Mr. Moody and Sankey, and a look a new lease of popularity which has existed to the present day, and bids fair to continue indefinitely. The Diary of a Late Physician is full of delicate studies of human nature, and has all the various balance of a real record of medical experience. In it the mental side of suffering receives especial attention, and treatment, but all the sketches in the book are eminently strong and fascinating. Although the popularity of the "Diary" was so great as to insure success for any other work from that author's pen, the "Diary" literary welfare was also at the outset an anonymous one. The first chapter of "Ten Thousand a-Year" appeared in Blackwood for October, 1839, and at once excited a great interest, which long was not exhausted until all that there was to tell of the fortunes of the Aubreys and of the career of Titmouse had been revealed. The time was one when no novel but of intrinsic strength and merit could have held its ground. Scenes of the grossest nature of English fiction were then before the public, and both genius and power were needed, not to beat but to keep neck and neck with them in the race. Faults were found in "Ten Thousand a-Year," but did not serve to lessen the interest, and its success was simply enormous. When it finally came out in book form it had another extended run, and the hold it then took upon the public has never up to the present moment relaxed.

In "Ten Thousand a-Year," besides a noble plot, there is an exceedingly strong cast of characters, every one of them vividly drawn and distinctly individualized. Aubrey, with his virtues, Tittlebat Titmouse, with his worthlessness and selfishness, Gamm-n, with his Satanic combination of lofty intellect and daring purpose with deceit and baseness, Quirk, with his grovelling rascality, Snap, with his petty chicanery, and Kate Aubrey, with her sweetness and amiability, together with a host of lay figures, afford marked contrasts and give a thorough insight into almost every phase of humanity. "Ten Thousand a-Year" was written with a purpose, and there is no fear in asserting that no discerning reader ever laid it down without feeling that he had been listening to a great preacher, who had expounded the weighty text of human life as it has rarely ever been expounded before. In fact, "Ten Thousand a-Year" is a remarkably fine novel, and richly merits its enduring success. Warren could not retain his anonymity after the extraordinary hit of his great romance, but, amid all his prosperity and popularity, he remained as modest and unassuming as ever. Up to twenty years ago, he contributed many sketches to Blackwood. These have been collected in a volume of "Miscellanies" and are still read with interest. Warren also wrote "Now and Then," and was the author of several successful law books. Impressed with the importance of exercising his powers for a higher object than the mere amusement of his readers, it is not strange that Warren would not trim his sails to catch the passing breeze, and so passed out of the field of authorship, leaving his place vacant whilst he was yet alive.

Notwithstanding his great literary triumphs, Warren continued his career at the Bar, but with no very notable success. His political friendships, however, at last gave him places which he worthily filled, and in 1856 he was returned to Parliament. He remained in the House of Commons until 1859, but his labors as a legislator were not remarkable. His indifference to his popularity and his neglect of letters caused the witty Sir George Rose to write of him at one time:

"Though many may resort at you, Warren, and say,
Billy, you, for has again been elected to serve,
Take a hint, change the venue and still persevere,
And you'll end as you start with 'Ten Thousand a Year.'"

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HOME CULTURE.

XXIII.

SELF-TRAINING;

A COMPANION TO THE

"YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND,"

Compiled to Suit Life in America,

BY

MRS. H. O. WARD.

(CHAPTER VII—(CONTINUED.)

Do not go into society unless you can make up your mind to be an agreeable, sensible, animating, as well as animated. Society does not require mirth, but it does demand cheerfulness and sensibleness, and you must help it though the writers of books are many, nay Gen. de Pewster, the writers of well-written books are few; and it is a compliment to the authors when books are even universally borrowed, still more when they are ably criticised. To those who are interested in the mental powers of people is very flattering, and when not in general society one is always privileged to do this. People take more interest in their own affairs than in anything else, and when you can name (unless the good that is in their hearts has been eaten out by a love of gossip concerning the affairs of others; and if you manifest this interest to have them see that you have it will not sustain conversation by a narration of these affairs in some one form or another.

In a tete-a-tete conversation, however interesting, it is extremely ill-bred to drop the voice to a whisper, or to talk in a private matters. Never put the hand or a fan up to hide the lips in talking. Avoid conversing in society with the members of your own family. Always look into your companion's face with whom you converse. If, upon the entrance of a visitor, you carry on the thread of a previous conversation, you should briefly recapitulate to him enough of it that has been said to enable him to understand it. Remember that a low voice is an excellent thing in woman. There is a certain distinct but subdued tone which is perfectly free from vulgarity, excepting in England, and should be received without offense.

All slang is vulgar. It lowers the tone of society and the standard of thought. It is a great mistake to suppose that slang is in any way witty. Only the very young or the uncultivated so consider it.

Scandal and tattle are detestable of all conversational vulgarities. A paragraph in one of John Hughes' letters to Doctor Watts, with a little change, might be made to read as follows: Gossip is a troublesome sort of weed that only burrs about your ears and never bites deep; slander is the beast of prey that leaps upon you from his den and tears you in pieces. Slander is the proper object of your gospel contempt.

Those who best understand the nature of both gossip and slander, if the victims of both, will take no notice of the former, and will allow no slander of themselves to go unrefuted during their lives, to spring up in a hydra-headed attack upon their children. No woman can be too sensitive as to any charges affecting her moral character, whether it be in friendship or conjugal companionship, or in the influence of her writing.

Religion is a topic that should never be introduced into general society. Like politics, it is a subject dangerous to harmony. Persons are liable to differ widely in their beliefs to prescribe their temper on those topics. Long arguments in general company, however entertaining to the disputants, are, to the last degree, tiresome to the listeners.

Interruption of the speechof others is a great sin against good breeding. It has been aptly said, if you interrupt a speaker in the middle of a sentence, you are as rude as ruffle as if, when walking with a companion, you were to thrust yourself before him and stop his progress.

To listen well is almost as great an art as to talk well; but it is not enough only to listen, you must endeavor to seem interested in the conversation of others. Only the low-bred allow their impatience to be made evident.

Young persons can but appear ridiculous when, after ridiculing books, topics or things, opinion to be worth the consideration of others, should have the advantage of maturity. Cultivated persons are not in the habit of ridiculing subjects as they are odd and ridicule. They find too much to correct in themselves to indulge in coarse censure of the conduct of others, who may not have had advantages equal to their own.

Anecdotes should be very sparsely introduced into conversation. Puns are everywhere considered vulgar. Repartee must be indulged in with moderation. It must never be kept up, as it then degenerates into the vulgarity of an altercation.

In addressing persons with titles add the name with the title. Do not say, "Do you think of it, Doctor Hoyt?" but, "What do you think of it, Doctor?" Few sicknesses give deeper offence than any liberty taken with one's name, which should only be pronounced as according to the example of the possessor.

In speaking to foreigners, the reverse of the English rule is observed. No matter what the title of a Frenchman, he is always addressed as Mr. Such-a-one. Titles are with us the result of wealth, culture and position, as an American Admiral demands, he will never be called Mr. Hightone, but his title will invariably precede his name. Among gentlemen, to address a lady that is the opinion of a wife is annoying to those who possess them. This is not the ground taken by the title should be given, but because it reveals either ignorance or ill-breeding on the part of those omitting it.

The same class of persons, from ignorance of the customs of good society, speak of persons by their Christian names, who are neither relatives nor intimate friends. This is a familiarity which, outside the family circle, and between friends of the closest intimacy, is never indulged in by the well-bred.

Among the fashionable provincial people to say "Sir," "Ma'am," and "Miss," in conversation with their equals. The great secret of talking well is to adopt your conversation so as to suit the person in company. Some men make a point of talking commonplaces to all ladies alike, as if a woman could only be a trifler. Others, on the country, seem to forget in that respects the education of a lady differs from that of gentlemen, and commit the opposite error of conversing on topics with which ladies are seldom acquainted. The latter error was made by the former author of "Tried by Fire," which was concluded in the last issue of the Post: "Mrs. W. H. Thomas, of this place, is having published in the SATURDAY EVENING POST a well written and very interesting continued story, of which she is the author. Mrs. Thomas has literary attainments much above the ordinary story writer, as will be observed by a perusal of her last in the Post. The above paper is one of the best literary publications in the country and would not, of course, publish her productions unless they were interesting. We would call the attention of our readers to the romance headed 'Tried by Fire.'"

tion, where his picture has been placed, in order that you may have the pleasure of seeing it; nor an author that you have sent to the circulating library until you were tired as the book is always out, lest they may be tempted to answer that they have known two or three of their friends who have purchased the tickets or bought the book. Nothing is more gratifying to the author than to find a book in sight upon entering a house, to the artist, than to see at least a print of his best picture which has taken a prize, or to hear music composed by one of them these days, when the world is flooded with new books and new pictures, it is only the most intimate of his friends from whom either artist or author can expect to receive such a flattering attention.

A witty and able author once made the remark that he had received such myriads of letters containing favorable opinions of his book that he was at a loss to understand how so few of them had been sold, until he reflected that they must have been very generally borrowed. The writers of books are many, nay Gen. de Pewster, the writers of well-written books are few; and it is a compliment to the authors when books are even universally borrowed, still more when they are ably criticised. To those who are interested in the mental powers of people is very flattering, and when not in general society one is always privileged to do this. People take more interest in their own affairs than in anything else, and when you can name (unless the good that is in their hearts has been eaten out by a love of gossip concerning the affairs of others; and if you manifest this interest to have them see that you have it will not sustain conversation by a narration of these affairs in some one form or another.

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OUR FASHION CHAT.

The close of November day bring to an end the sad, mellow season of Autumnal sunshine, in which we have felt the tender lingering touches of Summer, and the icy chillness which can feel in the atmosphere now and then, the rapidly approaching footsteps of Winter, and we must hasten our preparations for the cold, piercing wind and weather under the protecting warmth of our garments. The month of November invariably introduces the most decided transformations in costume and textures, and is considered one of the great epochs in Fashion's calendar—for while Autumn presents many charming creations of her taste and fancy during the early Autumn months, in which the use of their materials is appropriate for the season, her commands which banish them now, are no less decpate than the atmosphere, which compels us to adopt that change in our dress.

The present fashions combine in a higher degree than ever, perfect elegance of form with richness of effect, for although the waist is not worn quite so closed in attaining this result, indeed fantastic seams to hold supreme sway over the taste and ingenuity of fashion, for we have the following touches noticeably in costly fabrics, but those of the most moderate in price.

We have explored the mine of materials so thoroughly, it seems to leave nothing undiscovered, but at present it equals the famous Golconda in its unlimited resources, for in retracing our steps over the same path, some new treasure is brought forth, while from the obscurity of ages of the old. Fabrics are woven in every design which artistic invention can devise, while every color which nature and art can produce are interwoven with wonderful skill and harmony. For the costume de promenade there is an unlimited variety of wool fabrics, in which the richest effects of fantasie are visible, and for ball dresses, and those suitable for receptions, dinners and occasions demanding an elegant costume, there is all that woman's heart could desire with which the faultless toilette can be attained. Far back into a past, of which we are in the description and illustrations of the chronicler, of the magnificence of costumes which seem too fabulous to be real, our modern dress system has penetrated and brought to light of modern days the glory and splendor of the fashions of the past, and we find that the richest brocades of silk and velvet, the costliest laces, exquisite embroidery, in which gold and silver threads make him' instead of threads of silk, and the looked charmingly' for she looked charming,' lous' for 'loud' ,a not uncommon vulgarism, 'to get along' instead of 'to get on,' requisite instead of 'requisite,' 'I guess' instead of 'I think,' 'I feel' instead of 'I believe,' 'as who did you see' for 'whom did you see' double negatives, as, 'I feel not did not win the race,' at least I don't think he did,' 'loser' for 'loser,' 'most' instead of 'almost,' 'off' instead of 'from,' 'oldest' instead of 'eldest,' and many, many other words which are often carelessly used by those who have been better taught, as well as by those who are ignorant of their grammar. The author of that admirable book "The Art of Conversation" recommends, "Live and Learn," a work which contains examples of our thousand errors in speaking.

The course of reading which is laid down by this author is admirable in selection, comprising not only works on esthetics on the subject of taste, but also those works of the standard authors, but those books of miscellaneous knowledge, best adapted to suggesting topics of conversation, and to instruct in liter ature. And for "Literature" the former means is not only a book for the young, who seek counsel for self-education, but it should be studied by all who are interested in the culture of the young people in their charge. Such a book to be made really profitable must not be cast aside after one reading, but should be kept as a book of reference, and read and re-read until its contents are perfectly familiar. There are some writers who express themselves in pure English than others, and whose works it is well to study for the cultivation of style. Macaulay, Sydney Smith, Lord Jeffrey, Tommy Taylor, Dickey, Bird, and Anthony Trollope are distinguished for good, clear Saxon English.

The indifference of parents to this matter of forming and guiding the tastes of their children in early youth, even of very intelligent men and women, is extraordinary. Children are permitted to select books at will from home libraries, which simply serve to vitiate and pervert their standard works many things that should not be brought to the notice of immature minds, and boys and girls are given the largest liberty in the choice of books, which, if they do not actually poison the mind, do not provide it with the nourishment it needs for healthful growth.

The fashion of waistcoats seem to gain in popularity, but they must be made of different materials from the dress, and are usually of the fancy material and the rest of plain, or if the dress is plain, the rest is necessarily figured so as to form the contrast which is now the rule. A vest for a square cut dress and one which obtains the expense of applying ruches, is a position of the same material as the dress or in contrast if the coat is fitted and trimmed into a point to the waist and is fastened out at the back of the neck, and is either double or single breasted, and is worn over a fine linen or other bosom silk with velvet trimming embroidered in silk to match. The pantaloons are of the same shade, and was worn over a boot of the same shade. Not, lace, and galloons are covered with needle-worked edgings.

Among the novelties in which colored jet predominates are black silk crochet buttons, covered over with clear & lone jet, and buttons are not only used as a trimming for the dress, placed here and there, both necklets and bracelets are made of these beads fastened together by crochet loops, just for the half in graduated size are made to match.

Every day brings from novelties and models in costumes, and it is difficult for the fair sex to select for my readers, but among the many I have seen are the following:

A walking costume is composed partly of turquoise and partly of cashmere, the neigrose of a dull shade of blue dotted over with pearl gray, the cashmere of dark indigo blue, of the underskirt nothing is seen except the deep pleating of cashmere which edged it. A long polonaise of neigrose is draped low at the back, and is trimmed with a cross-cut band of

dark blue plush. The jacket is of cashmere trimmed with bands of the neigrose, which also forms a pocket on each side of the front, and pockets, cuffs and collar.

A very stylish costume is of iron gray cashmere, with the finest of old gold, twisted red, dark and light blue, moss-green, and touches of black and white. A long overskirt edged with a silk fringe, combining all these colors and headed by a galloon to match; this was draped gracefully over a slender petticoat skirt. The corsage was made with a square basque, cut low in back, and pointed in front, and cut square in front and back, and fastened with tiny silk buttons. All the outlines of this corsage was bound with black velvet, the bottom of the front trimmed in black velvet, and also those on the sleeves, which were very narrow, and worn with a wide cuff on the outside.

La Chingue dress has been described rather plain, rarely on one or two occasions; but as some people still seem rather puzzled as to its intricacies, I think I may, perhaps, be of some service in again alluding to this oriental style of overskirt. It is composed of a long Princess-shaped polonaise, cut low at the throat, and with short sleeves, and a basque, or sleeves; instead of these there is a second polonaise continued as far as the side breadths. To fill up the throat, sleeves and the lower underskirt portion added, appearing from underneath. If the dress is for evening wear (and it is for evening toilet most suitable), Spanish or embroidered net is much used as a substitute for sleeves. The basque and polonaise are finished at the edges of the additional portion with velvet and lace, arranged in beads of clair de lune, etc. A large piece of black velvet in the form of a fan, or loops on the train, which is fastened with a bow of the same, is finished off by beaded tassels of the requisite colors. A handkerchief of the same material cannot be dispensed with for this style of toilet.

The tunic we have just described may also be worn with a high corsage, with or without Princess alterations. For instance, the bodice can be cut high, and with side-pieces, so as to allow of sleeves in the form of the open ones. The tunic is of the same material as the skirt. A very pretty effect is produced by the following combination. Outer woven velvet of a dark shade of gray, cardinal, trimmed with otter brown and violet or for the tunic.

An elegant costume is of myrtle green silk and wool bourrette. The skirt is trimmed in front; the tunic and corsage, forming a basque, are pleated length-ways from the waist. Polonaise cut square in front, arranged in sloops across the skirt, fastened under the left side and trimmed with a deep fringe of the soft fluffy looking woolen balls. The opening of the polonaise is filled up with a plastron of finely pleated silk, with a high collar. The sleeves, demisercle, are trimmed with facings of Nile green faille.

Another is of seal colored faille and neigrose of the same shade, finely striped with gilt silver gray. The front part is pleated lengthwise from the neck down to the trimming round the skirt, and which consists of three rows of pleating in a rucke. The polonaise is of bourrette, open in front, edged with ruches, and trimmed with bows of faille to match the skirt. Open sleeves, trimmed and full pleated out at the edge. The sleeves are trimmed round the edge with a pleated ruche of faille.

A handsome indoor dress is of pomeceolored velvet, with tablier of gold lace, bordered with velvet of a lighter shade of prune. The outlines of the tablier are bound with gold galloon. The plastron of the bodice is of the same style as the tablier; as well as the revers of the sleeves. A deep Cossack frill, headed with gold lace, is also to be turned up over the sleeves, are an appropriate finish to this stylish toilet.

Mention the number of this information given on receipt of stamp, and pat

SLEEP.

So He giveth His beloved sleep."—Ps. cxxvi. 2.

He sees when their footsteps falter, when their heart grows faint and faint;
He marks when their strength is failing, and listens for each complaint:
He bids them rest for a season, for the pathway has been very steep;
And folded in fair green pastures,
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

He sees weary and worn-out children, that sigh for the daylight's dawning,
He knows that they oft are longing for home and its sweet repose;
So He calls them in from their labors ere the shadows are around them creep,
And silently watching over them,
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

So giveth it, oh! so gently! as a mother will hush to rest
The babe that she softly pillows so tenderly on her breast;
Impatient are now the trials and sorrows that made them weep,
But with words of soothing promise,
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

So giveth it! friends the dearest can never this boon bestow;
Unless He touches the drooping eyelids, and placid the fearless brow,
Their love may gather around them, and storms may round them sweep,
But regarding them safe from danger,
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

All dread of the distant future, all fears that oppressed to-day,
Like clouds that appear in the sunlight, have noiselessly passed away;
So earth's strongest can rouse them from slumbers no more and deep,
For only He who can reach them
Who giveth His loved ones sleep.

Were not that their toils are over, weep not that they rest;
Were not their pilgrimage ended, were not their welcome sure,
Were not the weary to be called home, were not the blessed to be crowned,
Were not the battle fought and the victory won,
And would not the Lord have us weep.

From Gloom to Sunlight.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," "A BRIDE FROM THE SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER III—[CONTINUED.]

Arley Ransome looked, in wonder, at his daughter.

"Hildred," he said, "I hope you are not going to learn out romantic."

"I hope not," she replied, quietly. "You have told me the truth, papa, and, though it has astonished me, I thank you for it—one should not have false notions. I have asked because it strikes me that it would be a terrible thing to marry without love, and then for love to come afterward."

The grave look left up his hand in horror.

"Such a thing could not be. Every woman with a well-regulated mind loves her husband; every husband in the same way loves his wife."

"Then, if I marry the Earl of Caraven now," she said, quietly, "I shall learn to love him afterward."

"Certainly," he replied, with a wish that she were not so earnestly sincere.

"I have not thought of marrying," she continued in the same earnest, simple tone. "You see papa, there was nothing to make me think of it. There were no gentleman at St. Roche, and I have been so busy with my books. I liked study. I like it now. I like the idea, too, of being a countess—it has a pleasant sound—'Lady Caraven.' And you are quite sure, papa, that I shall love my—love Lord Caraven after marriage, if not before?"

"I am quite sure," he replied, with unnecessary fervor.

Suddenly she looked up at him.

"Papa?" she said, "do you remember the song that I sang to you last night?"

"There's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream."

"Yes, I remember it, Hildred. What about it?"

Why what does it mean—'nothing half so sweet in life?' If I marry the Earl,shall I have no 'Love's young dream?'"

His eyes drooped uneasily from her's. He knew his was deceiving her, and she trusted so entirely in him.

"You ask me the most extraordinary questions," he replied. "My dear Hildred, do you expect me to extract common sense from words and poems? I can tell you what will be much more useful to you than talking about love. As Countess of Caraven you will be one of the most noted ladies in London. You will have two magnificent homes—Ravensmere Castle, in Devonshire—a fine old place—and Harley House in town. You will have diamonds to wear. You will go to Court. You will rank among the peeresses of the realm. You will have wealth, rank, fashion, gaiety, influence, all at your command. You will be able to gratify every wish of your heart. The whole world will flatter you and pay you homage. You will have all that a woman's heart holds most dear."

"Except love—and that is to come afterward," she said.

"Certainly. You seem to think a great deal of that same love, too, Hildred?"

"Yes, because I know, papa, that is what some women's hearts hold most dear."

"Quite right. You will find all that kind of thing come quite naturally, my dear. Now what is your answer, Hildred?"

She looked around once more in her thoughtful fashion. The faint light gleamed on the river. The faint light was dying in the dark, still sky. The western wind stirred the green boughs, the song of the birds, the ripples of the river, the whisper of the wind, were all repeating the refrain of the song—

"There's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream."

What was it like, this dream that was to come to her—this marriage that was lying in the darkness that seemed to send poet and novelists mad since they wrote and sang so much about it—this love for which some considered the world well lost, this love for dear Hildred, sensible father said was all nonsense? Love's young dream—what did it do to the dreamers? Did it make the world any fairer? She wondered if there were people for whom life had no clouds, and who married afterward? She was so long silent that the lawyer became uneasy; there was no telling what answer she might give.

"Your answer, Hildred," he said, again.

She turned slowly to him.

"I will marry the Earl," she said, simply.

He looked delighted.

"I shall see him and tell him to-morrow," he said. "Now remember, Hildred, this is a very solemn matter. You cannot go back after you have once pledged your word."

"I shall not want to go back," she said. "It is a fair destiny—why should I wish to change it? Countess of Caraven! When shall I see him—the Earl—again, papa?"

Arley Ransome could not suppress a slight pang of reproach. If she expected to find a gallant wooer in the spendthrift Earl she would be woefully disappointed. It would be best perhaps to not prepare her.

"Very soon; and I am quite sure that he will be pleased. But, Hildred, I want to say something else to *you*. Common people have common manners. When Darby goes to see Joan on the sly with his arm around her waist, Mike—then he grew confused, remembering that men were alike all the world over—"men like the Earl were in a different fashion."

"What is their fashion?" she asked, quietly.

"They *say* little of love—they talk no nonsense—they send princely presents of diamonds and jewels—they prove their love by actions more than by words."

"I see." Then she added naively, "Do you know, papa, I think I should like what you call the Darby-and-Joan fashion best?"

Her simplicity appalled him, remembering what the Earl had said—that he would do his best to make her happy, but that he should never like her. Arley Ransome began to wonder if he knew himself.

"Now I must leave you, Hildred. You will be all right in front of the fire, I know. You will be quite comfortable?"

"Yes, papa, quite."

"And I will write to Lady Caraven. You will be very happy, my child."

He left her sitting there, thinking, thinking, thinking. Her future was in her own hands. She had the power to make or mar it. She had the power to choose between love and wealth. Which should it be? Love, that she had read of, dreamed of, sung of, that had been the theme of poet and novelist, that had been the burden of song and story? Love, that she had seen, as she thought, in the sunshine of her father's face, in the tones of his voice, in the smiles that lighted his face when she entered the room? Love, that she had seen in the tender glances that Lady Caraven bestowed upon her husband? Love, that she had seen in the fond caresses that the Countess of Ravensmere showered upon her children? Love, that she had seen in the gentle words that Lord Ravensmere spoke to his wife? Love, that she had seen in the sweet, tender looks that Lady Ravensmere bestowed upon her husband? Love, that she had seen in the merry romps that Lord Ravensmere had with his children? Love, that she had seen in the sweet, loving words that Lady Ravensmere spoke to her children? Love, that she had seen in the gentle, tender manner that Lord Caraven showed to his wife? Love, that she had seen in the fond, proud looks that Lord Caraven bestowed upon his children? Love, that she had seen in the sweet, loving words that Lord Caraven spoke to his children? Love, that she had seen in the merry romps that Lord Caraven had with his

THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS.

We must travel o'er forest and mountain,
For into the country of sorrow,
To-day, to-night, and to-morrow,
And may be for months and for years.
You shall come with a heart that is bursting
For trouble, and toiling, and thirsting,
You shall certainly come to the fountain
At length—to the Fountain of Tears.

Very peaceful the place is, and solely
For piteous lamenting and sighing,
And those who come living or dying
Alike from their hopes and their fears.
Full of cypress-like shadows the place is,
And statues that cover their faces,
But out of the gloom springs the holy
And beautiful Fountain of Tears.

And it flows, and it flows with a motion
So gentle, and lovely, and listless,
And murmurs a tune so resistless
To him who hath suffered and hears.
You shall surely, without a word spoken,
Kneel down there and know you're heart broken,
And yield to the long-curbed emotion
That day by the Fountain of Tears.

THEIR AFTERMATH.

Milly Kirtland's choice was a very natural one under the circumstances, one of those being the fact that she was only sixteen, and not more given to looking beneath the surface of things and into the future for results, than most girls of that age, and another and more significant one being that from her earliest infancy she had been accustomed to having her own way, hardly knowing what it was to defer to the wishes or commands of her parents.

And so when it came to a choice between Bradley Holmes and Leroy Maynard, the former, big, awkward and bashful, the latter, handsome as Lucifer, easy and confident in manner, and with an oily tongue, it was only natural that she should insist upon pleasing her own fancy, which, like many another silly girl, she mistook for love, and should choose a husband as many people do books, for the gilded outside, instead of the real merit of the work.

Milly was one of those unfortunates ruined by indulgence and injudicious management, until, at sixteen, she had no more inclination to submit to parental control than she had had at six.

"I tell you, father," she said, irritably, her face flushed and her eyes cast down, for it was the first time that the embarrassing subject had been brought up between them, "I tell you there is no manner of use in talking about this any more. I never shall think of marrying Bradley Holmes—for it's him you mean, of course—if I live to be a thousand years old!"

"Well, well," was the reply, in a conciliatory tone, "that is all perfectly satisfactory. I don't want you to marry him, or anyone, mind. I'm in no haste to see you married. Quite the contrary. If you will give me the same assurance in regard to Leroy Maynard, I shall have nothing more to ask."

Milly's cheeks took a deeper color, but she compressed her lips and remained silent.

"Milly," said her father again, after watching her a few moments, and his voice took a more decided tone, "I want you to understand this matter, now. If your mother were living I should leave it all to her management—I never have taken it upon myself to control you, you know;—but you are too young to decide for yourself in any important matter, and I must not see you throw yourself away without trying to save you. You must know,—you would, if you would think dispassionately about it, that Leroy Maynard is not the kind of man to make any woman happy. The way he treats his mother and sisters ought to convince you of that. If there were nothing more against him, but it is said he both drinks and gambles. In fact, I don't know of a single recommendation he possesses, except his handsome person and his father's money, and they may both take wings and disappear in a day; and then he will be a wreck indeed."

Tears, partly of anger and partly of pain gathered in Milly's brown eyes, and her lips and voice trembled, as she replied:

"It is all hearsay—all that you have said against him. There are so many who are envious of him. There are plenty of girls in this place, yes, and out of it, too, who would give their eyes to get him. He might take his pick anywhere—and he's as good as those that talk so much about him!"

This is merely a specimen of many after conversations between father and daughter, all to no purpose, however, as the sequel will show.

Bradley Holmes, thanks somewhat to his slow understanding, but more to his honest, unsuspecting nature, was among the last to mistrust the relation existing between Leroy Maynard and the girl whom he had always, since he could remember, regarded as in some way belonging to him; and when he did come to understand it, from Milly's own lips, it seemed to him that the heavens and earth had come together with a great crash.

"Why, I don't understand, Milly!" he said, in a dazed way, and the despair and fright in his honest blue eyes was more than Milly could bear to look upon. "It seems impossible! I don't believe I have rightly got your meaning! Why, I thought we belonged to each other! I thought you understood it so, as well as I! To be sure, I don't know as I ever asked you in so many words, whether you would marry me or not—since we were children, I mean; and that's not so very long ago. We used to talk about it then, and love each other dearly; and I have not changed; but it all seemed to be understood between us somehow and I'm sure everybody else seemed to understand it, too."

He paused, looking at Milly as though he expected her to help him out of the mystery, but she felt too guilty and miserable to attempt to say a word. She was only waiting for him to go before she "gave in and had a good cry;" for she was not a heartless coquette, whatever else she might be; and, what was more, down in the depths of her heart she had more respect—yes, and more real love—for the poor fellow than she had for Leroy Maynard, though unaware of the fact then.

"It was a true sisterly feeling," she assured herself, just because her pulses did not thrill at his touch, and her face flushed at the mention of his name. They stood with averted eyes and burning cheeks, while Bradley resumed:

"It was all right enough with us, Milly, till Leroy Maynard came around," and then, with a look of contempt, and in quite a different manner: "Leroy Maynard!" he repeated. "Milly, you don't know him. He is not the man you think him. He is selfish and cruel in disposition, and entirely without manly principle, and you will repent it all your life long if you marry him."

"Let me say all I've got to say now, Milly," he said, thinking she was about to interrupt him, probably with some defence of her absent lover. "Let me have my say out, for if you send me away from you now, and take that contemptible sneak and scoundrel," (this with such a flash of anger and scorn in the blue eyes as was not often seen there), "I mean never to speak to you again as long as I live, if I meet you every day."

Then his mood suddenly changing again:

"Oh, Milly!" he cried, going over to where she stood, with her back towards him, looking out of the window—looking, but seeing nothing—and passing one hand gently around her shoulders, while with the other he tried to turn her averted face toward him: "Oh, Milly, I've grown up in the belief that you would be my wife sometime; I hardly thought it was time yet, we are both so young; I never thought of any other girl—never dreamed of any other. It seems as if I cannot live without you! Milly, you don't consider what you are doing! Take back, oh! take back! don't turn away the best friend you have in the world."

[illegible] his voice utterly broke down; and Milly, barely able to speak audibly faltered out that she "didn't mean to send him away—she wanted him for a friend always just as he had always been."

And then the painful interview ended.

But she married Leroy Maynard, and lived a gay, and, to all outward appearance a happy life for two years, and then her sorrows began.

Her husband, always inclined to dissipation, as soon as he was married began to give freer rein to his taste, and if she ventured a remonstrance, answered her first with sneering raillery, afterwards with abuse, so that she at last forebore to irritate him, although she knew that he was both wasting his property and destroying himself at the same time.

At length, and chiefly through his own extravagant and dissolute habits, the mercantile firm of which he and his father were principal partners failed, utterly and irredeemably; and but for the small patrimony left Milly by her father, who, to add to her grief and trouble, died about this time (and who, by the way, was her only near relative), beggary would have stared them in the face.

This sum, small as it was, by judicious management might have afforded them a living; but Leroy Maynard was one who scorned economy as meanness, and swore that he would "live a gentleman while he did live," and so contrary to Milly's feeble protest, speculated with it and lost it, and then, coward-like, abandoned her to take care of herself and three children, the youngest but a few weeks old, as best she could, and fled the place, and was never again heard from.

And all this took place within eight years after Milly's fatal choice.

Ten more years passed—years of toil, privation and wearing anxiety—years which left their trace upon Milly's once lovely face and graceful form.

Several times within this period she had changed her dwelling place, in the hope of bettering her chances of earning food and clothing for her family; and at the time when we again make her acquaintance, she was living some ten miles from her native village, in a country neighborhood, where, among the well-to-do farmers, both she and her children found employment suited to their several capacities, and sufficient to furnish them with at least the necessaries of life.

"Thank Heaven, the schools are free!" the poor mother often said, "and my children are not condemned to utter ignorance as well as poverty."

Well, time had brought changes to Bradley Holmes, too, as well as Milly—limited changes, the superficial observer would say, without waiting to consider whether, while he had grown in wealth and popularity, he had gained also in those inner qualities which proclaim the true man.

True to his word, he never spoke to Milly Kirtland after that last interview, or noticed her in any way if they chanced to meet.

He lived alone with his mother, giving his whole attention to his farm, stock, and to reading and study.

When his mother grew too feeble to bear the burden of her household cares alone he engaged a man to assist her.

As years passed on, he began to take some interest in politics and in the affairs of the community, though steadily refusing to mix at all in society, or hold any intercourse with the opposite sex, and owing to his sterling honesty and to his total freedom from vice of any kind, as well as to the reputation of being the best read man in the county, many offices of trust and honor were filled by him.

Thus we see that while Milly had sunk in the social scale, her old lover had been steadily rising.

Of course his wealth and standing were matters well known to the "Widow Maynard," as she was now called, and it is but natural to suppose that she shed many bitter tears over what "might have been."

But whether Bradley was at all aware of her whereabouts and condition was a matter of conjecture only, to the curious upon the subject for he was never heard to mention her or her husband, even by those who were most intimate with him.

Is it probable that he had forgotten the love of his youth?

Time will determine.

It was a cold, raw day in March. A heavy fall of damp snow had come the night before, and Milly was toiling wearily homeward along the half-trodden country road, carrying upon one arm a basket of provisions—the product of a day's washing—thinking sadly, we may well believe, of her hard lot, and of its cause, for as she paused to change her burden from one arm to the other, she sighed heart-brokenly and murmured:

"Ah, dear! How little I knew! How little I knew what I was doing!"

As if to mock her misery, the jangle of silver bells on harness broke upon her ear.

So deeply absorbed had she been in her own sad thoughts, that they were close behind her already, and she had barely time to step to the outmost limit of the trodden path, when a one-horse chaise dashed by her, a costly leopard-skin robe brushing her coarse, faded shawl as it did so.

Quickly as it passed she had ample time to recognize its occupant.

One glance at the proudly-erect, massive form was quite sufficient for that, though the face was half hidden by the fur collar of his overcoat.

It was the man of whom she had just been thinking.

The man who eighteen years ago begged her, with tears in his eyes, not to bid him leave her—him, "the best friend she had in the world."

"Friend indeed," she thought, bitterly. "Much does he know of friendship or love. They are all selfish—all! He wouldn't have known me even if he had looked at me."

It is true he had not even looked at her, his horse, whose nervous ears and uncertain motions betrayed his newness to the rein and the road, demanding all his attention, aside from the fact that he never looked at a woman, under any circumstances, when he could well avoid it.

Poor Milly!

Is it any wonder that, cold, tired, hungry and miserable as she was, she felt his appearance here, at that time, almost a personal grievance?

"How cruel! How unfeeling! to thus flaunt his wealth and high health in my face just now, as if to twit me with my poverty and weakness; and then to so totally ignore me, as though I were no more to him than a stump or a stone beside the way. Heaven forgive me! I could almost find it in my heart to curse him! So hard and unforgiving; and we almost like brother and sister for so many years!"

And tears of grief, anger and bodily suffering filled and blinded her eyes.

A bend in the highway a rod or so ahead brought her in sight of her home.

Beyond this the road was quite hidden from her view, by its making a steep descent, and then, after crossing a shallow, rocky brook, another bend, and winding away behind a patch of woodland; but she was at once aware that something unusual and exciting was being enacted there, for her two boys, the older now twelve, and the younger ten, stood in the yard, gazing earnestly in that direction, while, a moment after, her daughter, now a tall, beautiful girl of sixteen, came flying from the house, bare-headed, and ran with all speed down the hill, followed by the larger of the boys.

The other, seeing his mother, came to meet her, crying:

"Oh, mother, it was our snow-image! We'd made one—Ben and I—just got it done, and it's frightened the horse! and oh, I'm so sorry we did it! Don't scold, mother—we didn't think! But I'm 'fraid it's killed him, for he don't get up, nor stir."

"Killed who? What? The horse?" questioned Milly, growing suddenly so faint that she sunk down for a moment where she stood.

"Oh, the man! the man!" wailed poor Neddy, wringing his hands in distress. "The horse has gone, away out of sight, with the chaise dragging after him. Oh, mother, do hurry! Maybe you can do something for him! Maybe he ain't dead!"

How Milly got over the ground to the scene of catastrophe she never knew, but she did reach there—the brook, under the hill, as she expected—and there found the man, who five minutes before, had passed her in the pride of his manly strength.

Milly, frightened and conscience-stricken, feeling for the moment that she, with the wicked thoughts she had just been harboring, was responsible for the whole occurrence, sunk down upon the bank, and stretching out her arms, unmindful of the presence of her children, cried out:

"Oh, Bradley, Bradley! Oh, forgive me, Bradley! I did love you—I loved you best after all, and now I have killed you!" and burst into a paroxysm of weeping.

The children looked wonderingly at their sister, who was a quiet, thoughtful girl, grave beyond her years, but who knew as little as they the meaning of her mother's words.

"Don't, mother," she said, calmly. "Don't. It is Mr. Holmes. I knew him when he passed. I don't think he is dead—his pulse beats a little. Let's try to get him up into the road out of the water."

The first sound of her daughter's voice recalled Milly to herself, and quickly controlling herself, she said:

"Yes, yes, we must—or we we must try; but I am afraid we shall not be able to get help."

Fortunately, just at this time, several men came driving past in a chaise, and they, of course, relieved Milly and her children of any further exertion in the removal of the injured man.

He was taken to Milly's house where she hastily prepared a room and bed for his reception; and then, while a part of the men remained behind doing whatever seemed practicable for the still insensible sufferer, the others went, one for the nearest surgeon, and the other to apprise old Mrs. Holmes of the dangerous condition of her son.

The surgeon came in the course of half an hour, but it was far into the night before the mother arrived.

Hour after hour passed, and the sufferer still lay in the same state of semi-death.

As for Milly, thanks to her long schooling in suffering, she was enabled to go about calmly, rendering most efficient aid, wherever a quick eye and a gentle, ready hand were in requisition.

Her two little boys, in the meantime, were half wild with grief and terror at the result of their thoughtless amusement.

It was nearly noon the next day before the condition of the sufferer gave much room for hope.

The more serious injuries were about the head and shoulders, one of the latter being dislocated; and the head and face cut and bruised in several places.

But I shall not linger long over the weary weeks of pain and suffering, of fever and delirium, that followed—weeks which changed Holmes, with his stalwart frame and unyielding will, into the condition of a weak, peevish child, ready to shed tears of impatience and disappointment if his broth were not ready at the exact moment, or if the coveted orange were not procurable as soon as the desire for it arose.

During all this time—in fact, almost from the very moment that returning consciousness made it possible for the sufferer to recognize those about him, both Milly and her daughter had been religiously and effectively banished from the sick room, his valet being his sole nurse.

The sick man's mother whispered kindly to Milly:

"Maybe you don't know how singular Bradley is about women. He has been so from a boy. You ought to remember that when you were both children you were the only girl he would have anything to say to; and after you were married he seemed to be as much afraid of you as others. It has always been a great trouble to me—his being so strange—but we mustn't allow him to be irritated now, you know, and so maybe you'd better keep out of the room, as his servant says."

And so, strange as it may seem, for six weeks Bradley Holmes has lain sick, nigh unto death, beneath her roof, and Milly had not had so much as a glimpse of his face in all that time.

And during all that time, too, she and her children had been kept under a discipline little less severe than that of a prison.

But fate had directed matters so far as to bring these two persons under the same roof, and had reduced the one most difficult to manage into a condition of mind and body most suitable for effecting the purpose it evidently had in view, and was not going to be thwarted by a stubborn, self-conceited valet, or a feeble old woman, as we soon shall see.

By the time that Holmes was pronounced convalescent, his mother, worn out by anxiety and watching, became so ill that she was obliged to allow herself to be carried home, though his valet objected strenuously for awhile.

However, he consented at last to let a substitute be employed in the case of Mrs. Holmes but he felt it his duty to ride over every two or three days to see how she was getting on, always on such occasions leaving some of the neighboring men in charge of him, with the strict injunction to let "none of these 'ere women folk in the room, whatever ye do."

Upon one of these visits, when he was not expected back until sometime past bedtime, the man left in charge was sent for during the evening upon some matter which demanded his presence at home.

"Now, see here, Mrs. Maynard," said he, coming out into the little kitchen where Milly and her daughter was sitting, "this is all a piece of nonsense—this keeping you out of the room—all that conceited servant's foolishness. You'd be just the best nurse that Holmes could have—better than this fussy fellow—and now you just go in there and sit down. He was sound asleep, and has been all the evening. Can't hardly wake him enough to give him his drops, and then he never knows who gives them. 'Twon't be time to give them again 'til midnight, and the Grand Duke'll be back himself by that time. Or I'll come back as soon as I can, if you like."

Milly quietly entered the sick room, which was lighted only by the soft blaze of a wood fire in the old-fashioned fire place, and took a seat in one corner, close by the jamb, where the light was dim, but where she could observe the slightest motion of the sick man without changing her position in the least.

The patient was sleeping with his face turned from her and in shadow, so she could not see the ravages which sickness had made upon it, but one hand lay upon the counterpane, and that was so white and thin that the tears sprang to Milly's eyes at sight of it.

The situation, the dim room and the silence, were circumstances favorable for thought; and Milly's thoughts took long retrospective journeys during the next hour.

They went back to the time when that this hand upon the coverlet was muscular and strong, and brown, and its clasp warm and friendly. Then hers were soft and white, instead of being dark and rough, and hard with toil, as they were now.

She wondered was her face as much altered as her hands! She softly rose, and taking down a small mirror from the mantelshelf, looked at the face in it long and sadly.

It was not the face it once was, surely, but not so much changed, after all, as she had feared; for it seemed to her now that she had not noticed her own face for years.

There were hollows beneath the eyes, and small wrinkles between the brows and at the corners of the mouth, but the teeth were good, and the eyes, spite of the tears they had shed, had not lost their soft lustre. If her hair were dressed in old girlish fashion, in loose flowing curls, she would not be so fatally changed.

Almost unconsciously, she loosened her still luxuriant brown locks, and shook them about her shoulders. She combed a tress around her finger, to see if it had forgotten its old trick of curling. It had not, and she kept on, idly, with her thoughts far away, until the whole mass lay about her neck and shoulders in the same soft, shining curls that had once been her pride, and the envy of many of her girlish friends.

Again she looked at herself in the little glass by the dim light, and a faint smile of satisfaction lit up her face for a moment, then, laying the glass in a chair beside her she clasped her hands in her lap, and with bowed head continued her reverie. Soon a slight movement of the sick man aroused her, and, looking up, she saw that he had turned his head, and was lying with his great blue eyes, now unnaturally large and hollow, fixed upon her face with the wondering gaze of a just awakened infant.

Milly sat quite still, fearful of doing wrong, and trying to decide quickly what course to pursue, when suddenly the look of wonder changed to one so grieved and wistful and reproachful, and one so thoroughly childish withal, that she nearly cried out for very pity and love.

"Milly, oh, Milly!" he wailed out, in a voice half choked with sobs.

Milly was on her knees by the bedside in a moment.

"Oh, Bradley," she sobbed out in response, "don't look at me so. If I was wrong, if I have caused you to suffer, have I not suffered, too, ten times more than you?"

"Oh, why did you do so?" he faltered, between his sobs. "When I always loved you so! Oh, Milly, can't you love me now?"

"I do love you—I did love you then. I have always loved you," protested Milly, frightened at what might be the consequences of this extreme excitement upon one in his weak state, and desirous only of soothing and quieting him for the time, without a thought for herself, or any future result of the confession she was making. "I thought I loved him, but I didn't! I was dazzled and fascinated; and I was vain, proud, and foolish, and everything that was despicable, and wanted to show the other girls that I could take him away from them all. I never was good enough, Bradley; but I do love you—believe me."

She bathed his brow and eyes with cool water, and kept on talking soothingly now as one would to a grieving child.

"There, there! now be quiet and rest, and you shall have everything just exactly as you want it. I'll stay by you and nurse you, and love you always; or I will go away, and you need never see me again—just as you please."

He was growing calmer under her gentle ministrations and soothing words.

In the few succeeding weeks Milly improved in health and looks almost as fast as the invalid. There was no more drudgery for her.

She shared the cares of the sick room, and the change from her former life of severe toil was so wholesome that she grew fair and young daily.

One question, however, caused her some anxiety, and that was, would he, when restored to health, be of the same mind as now that he was ill and weak?

Were the ashes of his resentment really extinguished, or were they merely scattered by pain and weakness, only to be gathered and fanned into life again as health and strength returned?

While this doubt was tormenting Milly, Holmes, on the other hand, knowing as he did that it was the physician's orders, that was not to be contradicted, and that all causes of irritation were to be strictly avoided, was haunted by the daily returning fear that Milly's oft-repeated assurances of affection were given only for the purpose of carrying out the doctor's prescription and keeping him quiet.

Fortunately, they had ample opportunities for reassuring each other upon these points, but as the conversation of lovers, even middle-aged ones, is not particularly interesting to any beside themselves, I shall weary my readers by repeating their's.

And why need I say more in any case? Of course no one doubts that they were married in due time, and that their remaining days were so peaceful and happy as to compensate in a measure—in a measure, only, remember; no one can quite recover what he's lost by mistakes and wrong-doing—for the sorrows and sufferings of the past.

As for Holmes, everybody said that he was another creature after his marriage. Happiness seemed to have developed in him new faculties and traits, and not only himself, but the whole community, especially the poor and oppressed portion of it, were gainers by the change.

It just strikes me that the name of my story may not seem quite appropriate, inasmuch as it has taken the whole of it, the story, to bring me to the aftermath; but there's not much in a name after all, so what matter?

Extraordinary Efforts to Prolong Life.

From the Baltimore American.

The resources and accomplishments of improved surgery are indeed wonderful, and the maimed and suffering of the present day are almost happy personages compared with those in similar conditions fifty years ago. This advancement of surgical skill and appliances in the present day is slightly exemplified by the simple but effective means used by Prof. Christopher Johnston to prolong the life of Jacob Slicer, who has been under treatment at the Maryland University Hospital for several weeks. Mr. Slicer, it will be remembered, had his head crushed by an elevator in Hurst, Purnell & Company's warehouse, and the surgeon who then attended was of the opinion that he could not survive a day. Several important arteries were severed, and in consequence frequent and copious hemorrhages of the head followed, any of which would have been fatal if permitted to find vent. These hemorrhages have been prevented by plugging the nostrils on the inside with pieces of sponge. A peculiar instrument is placed in the mouth of the patient, and by touching a spring two prongs are thrown out. The pieces of sponge are attached to the instrument by pieces of silk and drawn through the nose to the lacerated arteries. The silk is then severed, leaving the particles of sponge in the back and front parts of the nostril. It is the general belief that Mr. Slicer will certainly die from his injuries, especially as decomposition of the injured parts has already commenced; but Prof. Johnston believes that life can be prolonged for an uncertain period by means of the plugging process.

Bar Tickets as Currency.

From the St. Paul Press.

A youth who has just managed to get himself into jail here, played a slippery trick on his Duluth employer, when residing at that place, a few years ago. This it was: The employer was running a billiard hall and saloon, and the adolescent in question did the honors behind the bar. While thus engaged the aforesaid employe employed a dentist to fill his teeth with gold, which was done at the expense of about twenty dollars, the tooth-carpenter receiving his pay in bar-tickets. There was a good deal of drinking around the unsalted city for quite a spell, and a good run of custom at the bar. But the thing leaked out, and the youngster lost his place.

Adrienne's Mistake.

Adrienne Huntley sat thoughtfully reading two letters. Her father and brother had long since finished their breakfast and departed to their daily avocations. Still she did not move; her barely tasted coffee had grown cold, and the spaniel, Flora, waited in vain for his usual knob of sugar.

Very pretty was Adrienne, though now an anxious frown contracted her delicate brows. The male population of Colnwood were not far wrong when they declared her to be the belle of the town. Not often would you meet with such a pure-tinted complexion, such lustrous dark eyes, such a coronal of glossy chestnut plaits, or such a perfectly-proportioned figure.

At length she rose, and ringing to have the table cleared, went about her usual household occupations.

She neglected nothing. The pantry was duly inspected, stores were given out, pastry was made, and the necessary amount of dusting was accomplished. But during the performance of these customary duties, her face never lost its distraite, pre-occupied expression.

The last post the night before had brought her an offer of marriage. This offer was from a gentleman whom she respected much, but certainly did not love. He was, though, very rich, and the owner of considerable property in the neighborhood.

Then by the first post that morning had come another proposal. Strange to say from the cousin of her other suitor. He, however, had neither land nor money to boast of, being by profession an artist, and at present only an unknown, unappreciated one.

Hence arose Adrienne's difficulty. She liked her rich lover, but alas! for the contrariety of human nature, she loved her poor one. But, then, all her life she had to pinch, and contrive, and manage. Her father was a poor doctor in a poor parish, and every pound his patients paid him was spent in anticipation long before it found its way into his waiting hand.

A new pair of gloves or a new ribbon was a subject for deep rejoicing to his pretty daughter, while the cunning turnings and twistings and retrimmings that her bonnets and dresses underwent, would fairly have astonished a young lady of more ample means.

Consequently a sharp temptation now assailed her. Should she bid adieu to poverty, and shabbiness, and second-rate living, and accept George Morley, and with him the certainty of a splendid home, carriages, plentiful jewelry, and all those countless luxuries that wealth alone can purchase? Or should she—bravely resisting the enticing prospect—consent to become Guy Morley's wife, and her presence and sympathy soothe and encourage him in his struggles and disappointments?

It was hard to decide, and all the morning she hesitated and wavered. In the afternoon irresolution was no longer possible. Yet even with her desk open and writing materials ready, she paused. What should she do? Which should it be? At last, with pale face and compressed mouth, she dipped her pen in the ink and wrote two short notes. And the one of acceptance was for George Morley and the one of rejection was for his cousin Guy.

These despatched, she hoped her mind would be at peace. But know she felt wretched and miserable, and in the twilight, when she played to her father, and sang his favorite old ballads, her voice had a harsh, strained ring, and suddenly, in the midst of the concluding verse of "Auld Robin Grey," she broke down completely, and burst into tears.

"Why, Addie, child, are you not well? Is anything the matter, dear?" exclaimed her father.

"I—my head aches. I will go to bed I think. Good night, papa."

Once in her room the pent-up feelings so long repressed had their way. Now that it was too late, she would have given her right hand to have been able to retract her decision. Position and comfort, dresses and diamonds, of what value would they be to her without him?

A sleepless night passed, and she arose tired and heavy-eyed. Every knock at the door, every ring at the bell, caused her to tremble with fear and apprehension. She must expect an early visit from her favored suitor; she must expect him to arrive, radiant with triumph, and how should she meet him?

It was evening, but he had not come. Her father had been called to a patient at some distance, her brothers had gone to attend a lecture on vivisection, and Adrienne was alone in the drawing-room.

She could not sit still; so out through the open French window she stepped, and across the smooth-cut grass.

At the end of the lawn was a moss-grown path, and up and down this she paced, her dress of soft gray making her moving figure distinctly visible against the sombre background of an ivy-colored wall.

The sunset hour was past, the opal hues of the sky were darkening, when a step on the gravel startled her, and a man's figure came hastening toward her.

Instinctively she recoiled, and would have fled; but in a moment she was folded in strong arms and hot kisses fell on her cheeks, and lips, and brow.

"I—I——" she began, trying to release herself.

The waning light revealed who it was that held her in such close embrace. Resistance was at end then.

She forgot that her troth was plighted elsewhere—forgot everything but the present rapture, as she let her head droop forward on Guy's breast.

"Oh! my darling—my darling!" he murmured, in passionate accents, "what have I done to deserve such happiness? I scarcely dared to hope that you would be mine, and when I had your sweet little letter, I think I was nearly delirious with joy for a time."

"My letter? Why, it—why, I——"

"You expected me before, dearest? You thought me a tardy wooer, did you not? But I have strange and wonderful news to tell you, only now I can think of nothing but you, my beautiful one!"

"Oh! Guy, stay—stay. Have you my letter with you? Let me see it please?"

Reluctantly, and with many fond endearments, he withdrew his arms and produced the precious epistle.

She read it, and her blushes were succeeded by a deadly palor, as she discovered that she must have put the notes in the wrong envelopes, so that the letter of acceptance had reached "G. Morley, Esq., care of Mrs. Prett, Laburnum Cottage," and the letter of rejection had gone to "G. Morley, Esq., Petterwood Hall." Their initials and surnames being the same had rendered such a miscarriage perfectly easy and undetectable.

Unwittingly she had obeyed the dictates of her heart. Should she now let things be as they were? Should she say no word, but allow her lover to remain in blissful ignorance of her former mercenary determination? No one had been in her confidence; even her father had been unaware of the receipt of her two proposals. But honor and loyalty whispered nay. She must tell Guy all, and then—and then——

He had become impatient, and would have drawn her to his side again but she stepped back.

"No, no, wait. I—I have something to say to you."

Very low and quivering was her voice.

"Yes, darling, I am listening, but do not try my patience too much. You have not given me a single word of welcome yet."

Whiter she grew.

"I made a mistake." I did not write this letter to you."

"Did not write that letter to me, Adrienne? Oh, Heaven! what do you mean?"

He had sprung forward and grasped her arm so fiercely that she winced with pain. His face was ghastly, and his eyes were fixed on her with wild entreaty.

"I had a proposal of marriage from Mr. George Morley, and I wrote this letter to accept it."

"And what was my answer, then?" he hoarsely interrupted.

"It—I said I was sorry, but I could not be your wife, but——"

He staggered back. The revulsion of feeling was too much, and he felt stunned and dizzy.

For the first time since she had begun her explanation she raised her head and looked at him. With a cry she sprang to him.

"Oh, Guy, forgive me, forgive. It is you I care for, you I love. I have been so unhappy ever since I sent the letters. It was his wealth tempted me. I have been so poor all my life, and I thought it would be so nice to be rich; but when I had written I saw my wickedness I knew I could never be happy with him, and I did not know what to do. I have been dreading that he would come all day, and I was afraid to see him."

She clung to him in agony; but he was passive and silent, making no motion to hold her.

"Oh! Guy, speak to me," she moaned; "say you do not utterly despise me!"

Gently he disengaged her hands, slowly he retreated a pace.

"You would have thrown me over because I was poor; you would have married George because he is rich."

"Yes," she faltered, standing like a criminal before him, her bosom heaving and her fingers tightly entwined.

"You would have done violence to your own feelings; you would have deceived him by a pretence of affection, when all the while his wealth was the attraction?"

"Yes," came the low, pitiful whisper.

"And I—I should have been treated as a daring, presumptuous fellow, who——"

"No—no! I never should have thought that. You do not know how bitterly I repent. Oh! forgive me, even if you can no longer love me!"

She waited, her very attitude pleading for mercy; then, sadly, and with lagging feet, she turned to go.

Scarcely a dozen yards had she proceeded when with a hasty stride or two he had overtaken her.

She shrank away.

"Spare me any further reproaches. You are cruelly just; for a moment of weakness you would mete out a lifetime of punishment."

"My darling!"

She started and turned, and the love she thought was forfeited forever she knew was hers still.

"I must tell you my news now, dearest. I had a telegram yesterday, summoning me to London at once. I went, and found it was from a firm of lawyers. They informed me that a distant relation, from whom I had not the slightest expectations, had died, and left me a large fortune. I stayed just to sign a few papers, then hurried back, for I was eager to have your answer. It was waiting at my lodgings; and, as soon as I read it, I came straight here. So you see, dear, you will have a rich husband after all."

"Hush—hush! Don't—please don't!" she begged.

"Forgive me, dear one! I was wrong to speak so. But you forget that you have not yet sealed your promise to me."

"What do you mean?"

"Not one kiss have I received, and I have been very patient, I think. Sweetheart I claim my due now."

She lifted her rosy lips, and the seal was set to their betrothal.

Russian Generals.

From Corr. London Daily News.

I have spoken of Russian generals in a previous letter, and I may add another reason to the ones I then gave for the want of capacity and talent displayed among them. In the first place, all those high in command are very old men. They are men who studied the military art forty and even fifty years ago, since which time the science of war has undergone most important changes and developments—a revolution in short. In addition to this, they are men who, for the most part, never look in a book, and who rarely read in newspapers, and appear to be utterly oblivious of the march of progress, and of science especially, in the military art.

Their whole lives may be said to have been passed in one occupation; their whole minds, whatever they had, concentrated on one object, and that the most trivial to which the human mind can descend—card playing. They have done nothing else, thought of nothing else for years. Their minds have rusted until they are as dull, as heavy, and as incapable of receiving new impressions as the veriest clodhopper. Called from their card tables by the trumpet of war, they rise, rub their eyes, looked around them completely bewildered, and as thoroughly out of the current of modern war as if they had been asleep for forty years. Not even Rip Van Winkle, with his rusty gun dropping to pieces after his long sleep, was more bewildered and lost than the majority of those poor generals suddenly thrown into the campaign at the heads of their brigades, divisions and corps.

It may be asked why the Emperor does not send these old dotards back to their card tables, and replace them by younger men, and men of talent, of which after all the Russian army is not destitute. Well, in the first place, there is the tradition, according to which no functionary must be removed or disgraced as long as it can be helped, from some absurd idea that the prestige of the government would suffer. The government would be acknowledging its own fallibility. The result is that the government, instead of renouncing, assumes all the responsibility of all the stupidity, of all the idiocy, all the perversity and all the dishonesty of the tchinovnik or functionary. Then it must be confessed the soft heart of the Emperor had much to do in retaining these old incapables in their positions. He cannot bear the idea of depriving an old and what he considers a faithful public servant of his position, and thus disgracing him, and so unconsciously prefers to sacrifice the lives of thousands of brave fellows to this misplaced feeling of kindness.

One more fact, while I am on the subject, illustrative of the way things are managed in the Russian army, for which the headquarter staff must be held responsible. At the time of Suleiman Pasha's attack upon the Shipka Pass, although the Pass had then been in the hands of the Russians for something like six weeks, the plan of the Pass and the positions had not been made. This is a fact which for military men speaks volumes. And yet such men as these have dared to take the direction of an army of three hundred thousand men. It is simply madness.

Remarkable Lakes.

On the top of a ridge of mountains in Portugal, called Estralla, are two lakes of great extent and depth, especially one of them, which is said to be unfathomable. What is chiefly remarkable in them is that they are calm when the sea is so, and rough when that is stormy. It is, therefore, probable that they have a subterranean communication with the ocean; and this seems to be confirmed by the pieces of ships that are thrown up, though almost forty miles distant from the sea.

There is another extraordinary lake in that country, which, before a storm, is said to make a frightful rumbling noise, that may be heard at a distance of several miles. And we are also told of a pool or fountain called "Fervencias," about twenty miles from Coimbra, that absorbs not only wood, but the lightest bodies thrown into it, such as cork, straw, feathers, etc., which sink to the bottom and are never seen more. To these we add a remarkable spring near Entremos, which petrifies wood, or rather encrusts it with a case of stone; but the most remarkable circumstance is, that in Summer it throws up water enough to turn several mills, and in Winter it is perfectly dry.

FARM AND GARDEN.

A Ton of Cotton Seed.—Here are the wonders of a ton of cotton seed:—"A ton of cotton seed yields about 700 pounds of cake or meal, thirty-five gallons of oil, a few pounds of lint cotton, some hulls and other refuse. The meal is worth $[illegible] per ton, the cake from $24 to $[illegible], and the crude oil thirty-eight cents per gallon. The oil is valuable in paints and chemicals, and when refined makes an excellent table oil. The cake is shipped to Europe for stock feed, the refuse used in the manufacture of soap, and the meal is in constantly increasing demand as a sugar cane fertilizer." All this may be correct, but we would respectfully beg leave to decline the "table oil."

Home Made Superphosphates.—A Pennsylvania farmer says: "I have used for some years, with good effect, a fertilizer made as follows: I get annually a few tons of raw bones and burn them with wood, when they become very brittle, the grease being extracted. I then break them small, either with a heavy mallet hitched with a spring pole, or run them through a small mill with horse power; in this condition they are not much harder to grind than coffee. I then pack the ground bones in layers in old oil barrels, and pour upon each layer, stirring as mixed, enough dilute sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol), one part acid to three parts water, to moisten them. In a few weeks all the bones are decomposed, and the mass is dried by using a little gypsum (land plaster), so as to be easily shoveled out. By this method the farmer can manufacture his own superphosphate, not only at a minimum cost, but with absolute reliability."

Developing the Draft Horse.—Activity and strength are the two things needful in the draft horse. These qualities are well developed separately in the thoroughbred and in the heavy Norman. How can we unite them? Crossing may help. But the surest way is that by which trotting horses have been developed to perform such wonderful feats as they do; that is, by the severe trial of the course. Let fairs, instead of showing draft horses as beef cattle are exhibited—fattened, as though for the butcher, with coats unused to the sun—institute a system of trials and give the sweepstakes premium to the horse that can haul the heaviest load, a given distance, in the quickest time. Hundreds of breeding stallions are never broken to harness. How, then, can we judge what they are? The most active and spirited, out of harness, do not always prove to be so when put to the test of hard work. Neither is the shape or form a true index of strength. Yet it is almost universally the case that the breeder of draft horses, especially if he owns no stallion, makes his selection entirely by sight, and not by results of trials of strength and endurance. If writers and breeders will put much more stress upon this feature of breeding, will not their aim be secured with much more certainty?

Liquid Manures.—It is generally believed that no system of enriching land for small gardens, with a view to perfection of crops, is so truly economical and so easily available as that of liquid manure. We occasionally hear of a gardener, or an amateur fruit grower, who has practiced enriching the crop by use of liquid manure, but it is not a common practice so to enrich our gardens and lawns, however oftimes the advocacy of the practice has been written. The writer practiced the sprinkling of a lawn in a dry season with weak liquid manure water, and in the greatest of heat and drought has kept it fresh and green. In the management of pot plants, no course of supplying food equals that of a judicious use of liquid manure. There are in almost every family waste liquids, which, usually go into a sewer or drains, or possibly upon the road, where they are of no avail, but if saved by being conducted to a tank along with wash waters of the house, would enrich an entire garden for vegetables and fruits, flower borders, etc., and the whole if the wash be applied regularly, and at night, after sunset, in moderate quantities, would prevent the driest weather of mid-Summer from checking vegetation. If an unpleasant odor comes from the tank a little plaster (gypsum) sprinkled in and around the tank would keep it sweet and clean. Again the use of liquid manure need never delay planting because of manure not being on hand, but planting could proceed, and the application of manure be made at leisure.

Watering Window Plants.—There is nothing that the cultivator of window plants asks more about than how and when to water plants. There is nothing he or she asks that is more unsatisfactorily answered. The florist tells him to water when the plant needs it. But how is it known when the plant needs water? That is just the point of ignorance. Yet it is very difficult to give the knowledge to any one. It must come of experience; and yet there are a few hints that one may profit by in trying to find out when a plant needs water. With experience one can soon tell by the weight of the pot. One knows about how an empty pot ought to feel, and how the same pot seems to weigh when filled with dry earth. When very wet the weight is nearly double. A plant never wants water when the pot with the earth is heavier than a pot of dry soil. Then the color of the earth will tell, with very little experience, when it needs water and one soon learns to distinguish by this. It is almost always much lighter in color when dry than when wet; and if the earth is as dark as it is when fresh watered it wants no more till it gets lighter. And then experience will soon teach one to know when a plant needs water by the feeling of the earth. When dry the earth will crumble a little when it is touched; on the other hand it seems to press together and to be smeary when wet. With a very little experience it is so easy to tell when a plant needs water by the feeling alone that a blind man might make a florist in this respect. Those who wish to know how many times a week to water their window plants can never get an answer. Plants will need more water in a warm room than in a cold one, in a dry atmosphere than in one that is moist, when a plant is growing vigorously than when it is at rest, when it is in good health than when it is somewhat sick, and in light, shady earth rather than in stiff or heavy ground. Nothing at all but a little experience will help one, but if there is a true love for the helpless little thing it is astonishing how soon the knowledge comes to one. There is no such one but soon becomes a good "plant man."

The Number Seven.

When God created the world he rested on the 7th day. There are 7 days in the week, 7 letters in the name of Jehovah, 7 syllables in the Mohammedan formula of prayer—la ill Allah ill Allah. Every one is familiar with the 7 fat and 7 lean kine; the 7 fruitful and 7 barren ears of corn, 7 years of plenty and 7 years of famine. Jacob served 7 years for Rachel, and was cheated with Leah, and served another seven years, and received his reward. Seven days he was followed by Laban, his father-in-law. When Jacob died, his son Joseph lamented for him 7 days. Every 7th year the Israelites permitted their fields to remain idle and untilled; this was called the "sabbatical year." At the siege of Jericho, 7 priests with 7 trumpets, went around the walls of the city, and at the 7th blast the walls fell. Seven times ten years were the Israeliteis held captive in Babylon. Seven times ten Hebrew scholars translatedthe Old testament into Greek for the Alexandrain Library. There were 7 times ten members of the High Council of Jerusalem, not counting the high priest.

"When Peter asked, 'Lord, how many times must I forgive my brother; is it enough 7 times?' Jesus replied, 'I say unto you not 7 but, seventy times 7.'"

"A just man falleth seven times and riseth up again."—Prov. xxiv., 16.

"When thine enemy speaketh fair, believe him not, for there are 7 abominations in his heart."—Prov., xxvi., 25. There are 7 attributes of the Almighty, 7 gifts of the Holy Ghost, 7 Psalms of penance, 7 supplications in the Lord's Prayer, 7 words of the Cross; the Catholic Church has 7 sacraments. There are 7 wounds of Christ on the Cross. In Revelations there are 7 angels with 7 golden chalices filled with divine wrath; also 7 lamps with 7 flames are mentioned there. Who does not know of the "7 sleepers," the 7 youthful Christian martyrs who escaped in a cavern near Ephesus and fell asleep, and slumbered undisturbed for 200 years? There are 7 wonders of the world, 7 wise men of Greece. The Mohammedan's paradise contains 7 heavens. Rome has been governed by 7 kings, likewise Prussia, for the 7th is now Emperor Wilhelm. During the 7 years' war under Frederick II. history mentions 7 important battles. The war in Spain between the Carlists and Christians lasted 7 years. The Franco-Prussian War lasted 7 months, and the 7th Regiment was the first to distinguish itself.

On the 28th (4 times 7) of September, 1870, Strasbourg surrendered; on the 28th of October Metz, and on the 28th of January, 1871, Paris. Rome is built on 7 hills; so are Constantinople, Nureburg, Hamburg and Lisbon Ancient Thebes, also Athens, Bagdad and Morocco each had 7 gates. Seven cities claime the honor of being Homer's birthplace. There were 7 steps leading to the tomb of Darius, the Persian king; 7 steps to Solomon's throne, 7 arms or branches to the lamp in the Temple at Jerusalem; 7 wicks in the perpetual lamp (eternal flame) to the rites of the Greek Church.

The River Nile has 7 mouths. There are 7 Canary islands, 7 Ionian islands, 7 colors in the rainbow; there are 7 tones in the musical scale, 7 precious metals. Pleiades, one of the most beautiful constellations, numbers 7 stars.

There are 7 cardinal virtues; three of these are Faith, Hope and Charity, "and the greatest of these is Charity." The Duke of Wellington had 7 marshal's staffs.

The Pope is priest of 7 churches. The human head has 7 openings. The entrance to the celebrated dome at Cologne has 7 pillars set upon 7 pedestals surmounted by 7 statues.

We all complain of the shortness of time and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose; or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them.

We ought never to believe evil of any one till we are certain of it. We ought not to say anything that is rude and displeasing, even in joke; and we ought never carry a joke too far.

PHILIP.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

The discoverer of Mr. Elliott were known to Mrs. Bunting, as soon as he had made them, but to Lucy, Will and Philip they were all new and wonderful. Will rejoiced greatly in the new relationship between Philip and himself, and said his only regret was that he could not claim him as a brother; but to Lucy, the news sounded like a death-knell to all her cherished hopes of a reunion with Philip. Not that she rejoiced less than the others at his good fortune, but she feared that she should lose her brother, in the new dignity his recovered position would confer upon him. She had all her life loved him with a sister's affection, and she could not think without distress of the bond that united them being severed.

Mrs. Bunting and her family had been so long living in a whirl of excitement that Mr. Elliott thought it would benefit them to remove to "The Elms" for a short time. There they would be safe from the persecutions of Maitland, and also at leisure to deliberate on their plans for the future.

Philip, early the next morning, was summoned to the library by Mr. Elliott, whom he found with a smile on his lips, and an open letter in his hand.

"Here is another surprise," he said, "in the shape of a letter from Mr. Leighton."

Philip's face was cover ed with blushes, as he answered that he was aware of Mr. Leighton's intention of writing to him.

"And you knew his object, too?" Mr. Elliott asked.

Philip answered that he did.

"He little thought to whom he was writing when he addressed this letter to me," Mr. Elliott continued. "How much I should like to be with him when he discovers that it is of Tom Elliott, six wand of former years, he is begging favors. Yes, Philip, it was under that good old man's roof that your mother and I found shelter in orphaned childhood, as well as your reverend uncle. What a surprise it will be to him to find in you his little favorite's son. Ah! you will not escape from him now, for he will never be willing to part with you again."

The home at Experiment Mill had become so distasteful to Mrs. Bunting, that she gladly accepted of a neighbor's offer to purchase the property at a fair price. As it was necessary that Mr. Elliott should at once set about establishing Philip's identity, that gentleman, accompanied by Will and Philip, took their immediate departure for W—— city, leaving Lucy and her mother at "The Elms," until their return.

Mr. Elliott and his youthful companions received a hearty welcome from the Hopkins family. Nelly tried to conceal her joy at Philip's return, but the sparkle in her eyes, and her flushed cheeks, betrayed to her little white hand, betrayed her, even though his eyes were slightly dimmed with tears.

When the new aspect which Philip's position had assumed became known to Mr. Leighton, he declared it must have been the likeness that the boy bore to his mother, which he now saw so strikingly, that had first won his regard. He at once entered heart and hand into the elucidation of Maitland's rascalities, and as Mr. Hopkins' great legal abilities were also enlisted in the cause, it was but a short time before the whole conspiracy was brought to light.

Nora Wilmer, the woman who had been employed as nurse to the babe, was the most important witness. It appeared as if the consternation of the frightful crime had been a fixed idea with Maitland, as soon as the mother died, for, immediately upon the occurrence of that event, he removed to a country house where there was no one to interfere with his privacy. There the whole scheme was concocted.

The woman Wilmer was a widow, with a babe of nearly the same age as the young Tennysons, but it had been a weak little thing from its birth, and was afflicted with an incurable disease, which terminated its short life soon after their removal to the country.

It was at this period that the child's cradle Maitland to carry out his plan, and the dead child was buried for the living one. The widow had received a large sum of money to ensure her silence, but it was fear of Maitland, and the consequences to herself, and not the money, that kept her from the revelation of the diabolical act. She had, however, always known that the child was not acknowledged by the miller, and had from time to time smeared herself that he had ever remained with him. She did not hesitate to swear to Philip's identity, for a mark still remained on his breast, an indelible mark of a cross, which she had secretly placed there with her own hand, just before he was taken away from her.

The miller's property had been sold for a considerable amount, but Mrs. Bunting would not receive the money. She said there had been enough evil done to Philip already, and she did not intend to increase it by appropriating property which of right belonged to him. As she possessed a small sum of her own, which, with economy, would enable her to live quite comfortably, she decided to sell the miller house in some village, distant from the place where she had suffered so much, as soon as Mr. Elliott returned from the West.

The recovery of Eva's fortune was attended with some difficulty, which were finally overcome, when it was discovered that a portion of it had been carried off by Maitland. As there was a large property yet left, the recovery of this was not attempted. Maitland had disappeared without leaving any trace; and, as he was never heard of again, the ending of his career, so far as Philip was concerned, was quite satisfactory.

Mrs. Bunting was disappointed in carrying out the plan she had formed for her future life, for when Philip found that Mr. Leighton still intended upon making him his heir, he would not listen to any proposal having for its object a separation from him, he purchased a handsome residence in W—— city, and presented it to Lucy, on condition that she and her mother would live there for the future. Philip felt that he should always owe to them the duty of a son and brother—a duty which he intended should always be conscientiously fulfilled.

It was a new life for Lucy, out in the far West, where she bloomed like a rose, and was soon considered one of the most attractive young ladies in the place, and, associated with the young members of the Hopkins family, she soon became a useful as well as an ornamental member of their little society.

With Mrs. Bunting, freed from her life troubles, the time glided placidly along and Philip was much gratified that, through his means, she was once more surrounded with all the comforts of life.

Will Elliott felt the absence of his friends sadly. He often walked over to the mill, but the old place had lost all its attractions, and his visits there only served to increase his melancholy feelings.

Mr. Elliott was surprised and alarmed at the change visible in the boy's appearance, and although contrary to the designs he had formed for Will, he sent him to college, hoping that, in a fraternity of boys of his own age, he would forget old associations.

After his collegiate career was finished, Mr. Elliott found Will still pining after his lost friends; and at his earnest solicitation, Mr. Elliott finally concluded to sell "The Elms," and take up his abode in W—— city.

There Will soon became himself again. Philip had resumed his studies with Mr. Hopkins, and Will, also, soon became a law student in that gentleman's office.

The old friendship between Nelly Hopkins and Philip, or, as we must now call him Wilfred Templemore, became stronger as the days rolled along. He was admitted to the bar, and became a lawyer of some celebrity.

Wilfred Templemore had not many years possessing a fortune like Wilfred, and in expectation of a much larger one at Mr. Leighton's death, should apply himself so steadily to business, had the means, and generally known, we will tell our young readers. Mr. Hopkins had long declared that no man without a profession, whatever might be his standing, should ever have his little Nelly for a wife.

[THE END.]

Turning the Tables.

"I really don't know what is to be done with this perverse girl," said Dr. Hammond, running his fingers through his hair until it stood on end, and imparted to him much of the appearance of a particularly fretful porcupine.

His wife looked up from her sewing, and said, quietly—

"Let her have her own way."

"What! and marry Doctor Gray?" Why, he's as poor as a church mouse—not even a parishioner to dispose of.

"He is young and clever. He will get practice and make money, as you did, after I married you."

This hit had as opposite effect from what she had intended.

"He'll not get a practice here. My patients know better than to trust themselves to an insane-cleaned fool, with a head full of newfangled, unorthodox, professional theories. Humbug!"

At that moment a pretty young girl entered, and running only to drop a rosebud on her aunt's lap, and another on the table, where her uncle sat with his paper, passed quietly out of the opposite door. Her aunt's eyes followed her.

"Richard, don't you think Ellie looks badly? She is quite thin, and has lost her color and appetite. Wouldn't some change benefit her?"

The doctor looked up with a sudden light gleaming through his gold-rimmed spectacles.

"A good idea. She will be the better for being sent away for a few weeks—or months, indeed, and I could do more her of other complaints than dyspepsia."

"But who is to accompany her? You know it is impossible for me to leave home this Summer; and as for Scarborough—"

"She won't go to Scarborough, or to any other place where this young Gray can follow her. I will send her to some quiet farmhouse. Where is Mrs. Fraser's—a nice, secluded place, where she will be well taken care of, and where the old lady sometimes takes Summer boarders. As for a companion, her cousin will be glad to make the country recution after a year's governessing in town. I will pay her board. And while we are on the subject, I'll step over at once to Mrs. Maddox's and make inquiries."

The doctor had a reason for thus hurrying this matter, which he did not think it needful there was to be a picnic in Fernwood, where Gabriella—or Ellie, as her uncle and aunt called her—would be sure to meet Dr. Gray.

He doubted whether the pair had ever come to an "understanding," but he knew that a few dreamy Summer hours amid those lonely glades would "work more mischief," as he inwardly expressed it, than two months of ordinary intercourse: therefore, he was anxious to prevent the meeting.

The result of the doctor's planning was that he, next day, wrote to Mrs. Fraser, at Hillside Farm, near Grassy Cove, to expect his niece, Miss Gabriella Hammond, on Thursday; and also mentioned that another niece of his, Miss Hammond, would join her there in a day or two.

Why it happened that this last mentioned lady, the elder Miss Hammond, whose name was also Gabriella, exerted herself to meet Ellie on Thursday, at "the junction," and did arrive there punctual to the time, only to find that the train had not brought her expected cousin.

Spring, at one of the carriage windows, an acquaintance from Fernwood, she hastily inquired, and learned to her joy that Ellie was detained by an accident, but that she would be down next day.

At the same moment she was accosted by a spare and sunburned lady and gentleman, if she were not Miss Gabriella Hammond, and informed her that he was Mrs. Fraser's nephew, and that "the trap was a-waiting for her."

While Miss Hammond busied herself in collecting her scattered parcels and getting disparagingly at the little village, consisting of a few houses and a blacksmith's shop, several hencoops and a little grocery, she was herself an object of interest to the natives thereof.

"Say, Mr. Bunce," remarked the youth who had addressed her, as he stood before the counter of the grocer's receiving divers parcels of goods, "don't you want a squint at the heiress?"

He accompanied the request by applying his face close to the window, containing several ugly cows and sugar-sticks. He was a tall young man, with sandy hair, shrewd grey eyes, and with the rudiments of a fine moustache; and was further adorned with a heavy gold watch chain and an amethyst seal ring on his little finger.

He surveyed Miss Hammond as intently as though she had been some animal of rare and curious species.

"Hum! not so young as she might be, and rather scraggy. Are you sure, Len, it's her?"

"Perfectly sure. The doctor wrote that she'd be here to-day; and cousin Maddox wrote to us that the lady—Miss Gabriella Hammond is her name—had come on a journey of her own; and would be heiress to all the doctor's fortune. He's rich, you see, and has no children. Cousin Susan said we must be sure to have things extra, and that Miss Gabriella loved poetry, books, and chocolate creams. Ho, he! She don't look much like it. But I must hurry up and get her, and the rest o' the bundles, into the trap."

The getting Miss Hammond into the trap proved a task of some difficulty. She had evidently rigid ideas of the proper and becoming, and, forcibly this, the gentleman who had been addressed by Len as Mr. Bunce, hastily smoothed his hair, pulled up his collar, and passing only to insert in his shirt-front a ruby breastpin, politely offered his assistance.

"Allow me the pleasure of assisting you, miss. Steps rayther to high for a lady. Here, Zakie! a cheer for the lady—quick!"

By means of the combined assistance of this article of furniture and Mrs. Bunce's strong arm, Miss Hammond was at length seated, and while Len busied himself in final preparations, he came to make himself agreeable.

"Had a pleasant ride, miss? Ah! Hillside's a nice place. Plenty o' the best to eat—fine fruit, vegetables, apple-pies, and chickens. Why, you'll pick up in no time, and grow so plump that your own friends'll sheercely know you."

The lady's sallow cheek flushed slightly, and as the wagon drove away, Mr. Lucullus Bunce rubbed his head briskly, with a new and eager light in his grey eyes, and murmured, audibly—

"I'll be blessed if I don't!"

"Smart man, that 'ere," remarked Miss Hammond's John, confidently. "Owns the grocery shop, and does a good business, but's a pushing, driving knicker, and wants to run up a steam factory and sawmill. Starts to make a forth in no time, if he had the capital."

On the day following Ellie arrived; but, not being recognized as an heiress, excited no attention as she alighted from the train with her pretty face commanded. She was "the poor one," according to Len, consequently played second fiddle to her mature relative, in the estimation of her new acquaintance.

She, however, troubled herself very little as to what they might or might not think of her. She was in love, poor child — really in love — and her young heart was much oppressed by the difficult situation in which she found herself.

Should she give up her uncle for her lover, or her lover for her uncle? She felt that she could not do the latter, and both duty and a sense of gratitude and affection caused her to shrink from the former.

Meantime, she roamed about the pretty groves and meadows of Hillside, and read Tennyson, which Dr. Gray had given her before she left home, and felt a comfort and soothing in the fresh, sweet nature about her, which made her cheerful and hopeful.

As for her cousin, Miss Gabriella, she had settled down to steady sewing, and Ellie thought she had never before seen her so silent and preoccupied—except when Mr. Lucullus Bunce was present.

He had called at Hillside, in a radiant, gorgeous plaid suit and extensive assortment of jewelry—as he himself amiably explained, "because he knew the ladies were luxurious, and would like to be cheered up a bit."

Ellie was amused, but glad to find that she was not required to entertain him, and that her cousin kindly allowed her to slip off when she chose, and never insisted on her accompanying herself and Mr. Bunce in their strolls in the garden and lanes.

And so, day after day, Mr. Lucullus made his appearance, bringing with him packages of sweets, huge bouquets of gorgeous colored flowers, wherein coxcomb and marigold conspicuously figured, and a variety of literature —social, religious, and political.

In his presence, Miss Gabriella seemed all smiles; but Ellie wondered why, when they two sat alone in the room appropriated to them, so an almost thoughtful an expression should sit upon her rather faded brow, and contract her no longer fresh lips.

The truth was that Miss Gabriella, like Mr. Bunce himself, was playing a desperate game. Despite his preience at innocence, she was not long in perceiving the mistake into which he had fallen in regard to her own and Ellie's respective positions; and, being shrewd [and quick-witted, was at no loss to what motive to attribute his disinterested attentions.

But herein she saw a chance for herself—one for which she had for years been vainly, and of late, almost hopelessly pining.

The one alm of her life had been to get married. She had with horror felt herself drifting into what she had regarded with unspeakable dread—old maidism; and she caught eagerly at this chance of saving herself.

Mr. Bunce might be a little odd, a little rough and unpolished, but she would be a fool to throw away the chance of escape to her name, she could brave everything and every body.

So Miss Gabriella Hammond was very careful and so seductive him, and even in confidence mentioned his mistake to Ellie, affecting to look upon it as a joke, and beseeching that young lady to let it go on—it would be so funny!

And one day, when Mr. Bunce, in his haste and anxiety to secure his prize, spoke of love in a cottage, with water and a crust, or the more luxurious fare of bread and cheese, and—hem! —Miss Hammond exhibited a maiden bashfulness which encouraged him to a more decided proposition.

And then she told him, timidly, that she knew her friends would all oppose their marriage; and Mr. Lucullus, trembling lest the golden prize should escape him, suggested an immediate private marriage.

Then it happened that on a certain day, as Dr. Hammond sat writing in his office, news was suddenly brought to him which caused him to start up, turn pale, and five minutes after to cause his hat, and rush, half frantically, to the railway station.

In another two hours he alighted at the door of Hillside farmhouse, and with white lips and glaring eyes confronted Mrs. Fraser, who came nervously forth to meet him.

"Madam," he demanded, "is this true, which I hear? Is—is my niece really married?"

"Well, sir, I must say that Miss Hammond did surprise me all; and for my part I hadn't the least notion of such a thing happening."

"Is she married?" thundered the doctor.

"Why, yes, sir. She was married this morning; and I must say—"

With a groan the doctor sank into a chair, and wiped his damp brow.

"When I sent her here," he said, in hot anger, "I thought she would be safe. She has been inveigled into this secret marriage, most disgraceful marriage. A child—a mere child!"

Mrs. Fraser opened her eyes, but was prevented from replying by the entrance of Ellie, a little pale, also agitated and tearful.

"Uncle!"

Ellie was pale with surprise.

"I will forgive you!" he continued excitedly. "I will disown you. You and the clown you have married shall never darken my door! I——"

But here he suddenly broke down, and, sinking upon Mrs. Fraser's horsehair parlor sofa, bowed his head upon his hands and wept.

Ellie stood for a moment with a strange smile sparkling in her grey eyes upon her lips. Then she stole to her uncle's side, and put her arms around his neck, and her cheek to his, and softly stroked his hair.

The touch went home at once. It was a way which she had even when a little child, of soothing him when he was tired or troubled.

"Oh child, child! I would rather you should have died—would rather have died myself—than that you should have done this. Would to heaven that you had married Doctor Gray!"

"You would not let me, uncle," responded Ellie, meekly. "I would rather have married him than Mr. Bunce."

The doctor winced at the name. Then he looked up, suddenly.

"Ellie, you were married only this morning. You can annul yourself this man's wife. The marriage can be annulled. I will buy him off with money—I will get a divorce. You, Ellie, my child—you can marry Dr. Gray."

She stood for a moment, silent and thoughtful; then her face brightened with something between earnestness and humor.

"Uncle Richard, if I promise never to be more to Mr. Bunce than I now am—if I give you permission to try and obtain for me a divorce from him—will you, in turn, promise a full and free consent to my marrying Dr. Gray?"

"Yes, child, yes! I have never approved of divorces, or of divorced parties marrying again; but in this case, anything, anything."

Ellie's voice trembled a little as she said:

"Now, uncle, put this compact in writing, and we will both sign it."

So the paper was drawn up, and Mrs. Fraser and her nephew Len, much marvelling, witnessed it; and Miss, folding away the paper, said, with that mingled light still in her blue eyes:

"You know, uncle, you never break your word."

"But, law sakes!" exclaimed Mrs. Fraser, "I don't understand it at all. It isn't Miss Ellie, but your other niece, Miss Gabriella, who's married to Mr. Lucullus Bunce."

"What!" roared the doctor.

As if to corroborate the good woman's assertion, there was a sound of wheels without, and the next moment a chaise, with Mr. Lucullus himself, with his fair bride upon his arm.

The doctor's joy at the welcome discovery of how matters really stood was too great to permit him to be very angry at what he mildly termed Gabriella's foolishness.

But of Mr. Lucullus' feelings upon discovering that he had not married the heiress, what shall be said?

He swore a little, and the bride went into fits hysterics: while Ellie, nestling close to the doctor, said, softly—

"You know, uncle, you never break your word!"

And, though rather loth, he did keep it, and never regretted it, for Dr. Grey not only became a relation, but a partner instead of a rival.

Eugene Aram.

Seldom has there been a robber and murderer, in the middle station of society, unconnected with some great political movement or of modern means of transportation, the taste for travel is less an impulse of curiosity than it used to be, especially in this country, where we shift places. For three women out of four the attraction of travel is a chance to dine at a table d'hote and sup in a crowded hotel.

Obstructing Nature.

Instead of aiding her in her efforts to recuperate, is obviously not the way to get well when one is sick. Yet this is precisely what is done, and of course unwittingly—by persons who are continually doing themselves with powerful mineral drugs for some ailment or other. Drugs are ofttimes necessary, but such medicaments rather tend to retard recovery than to hasten it. How much more sensible are they when prepared from the roots and herbs of the field, and when they are the most thoroughly efficient restorative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which, unlike the drugs referred to, is eminently wholesome and safe and, instead of injuring, improves the tone of the stomach and re-creates healthful vigor in the broken down system. Indigestion, liver complaint, constipation, biliousness and bladder ailments, and rheumatism yield to its corrective influence, and it is the remedy and preventive par excellence for intermittent and remittent fevers and other disorders fixed by miasma in the air and water. It is, moreover, a superb appetizer.

To the Public.

The manufacturer of the London Cement, the only English exhibitor in the late Vienna Exhibition, was manufactured in Machinery Hall, is almost returning to Europe, and offers his Cement, which is the only Permanent and Reliable Cement in the World, at a reduction in price to enable him to make, and will repay anything you break.

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LIFE'S RING.

The love from your moment small,
And look with longing eyes
Is the sweetest thing that ever lies
Beneath the blue of the skies.

And you sigh in discontent
That your life is narrow and small;
But look for the love you might and must,
That your narrow life holds all.

That can make it sweet and true—
That can make it fair and clear—
Of all the world's good gifts,
You have the very best.

Out at work in the fields,
Mending the gates or the wall,
In a man whose honest heart
Beats for you night and morn.

Were you to search the world
Until would you hope to find
Better for hope or better
Than this you would leave behind?

Ah! little girl, the hills
May glow with a rain-bild grace,
But the valley is where all
Is a very pleasant place.

And nothing that life can give,
Be it ever so great and exact,
Could be one half enjoyed
At the love beneath your feet.

Though the hills seem glare-crowned,
Yet the hills are bleak and drear,
But the valley is sheltered, warm,
May is the valley dear.

The Jandidier Mystery.

BY EMILE GABORIAU.

A very short time ago, that is yesterday, about four o'clock in the afternoon, all the Quartier du Marais was in an uproar. It was said that one of the most respectable merchants in the Rue de-Sicile had disappeared, and all the efforts to find him had proved fruitless. The strange event was discussed in all the shops in the neighborhood; there were groups around the doors of all the greengrocers, and every moment terrified housewives appeared, bringing new details. The grocer at the corner had the best, freshest and most correct intelligence, having received it from the lips of the uncle who lived in the house.

"So," said he, "yesterday, after dinner, our neighbor, Monsieur Jandidier, went to his cellar to get a bottle of wine, and was never seen again—disappeared, vanished, evaporated!"

It occasionally happens that mysterious disappearances are heard of, the public get excited, and prudent people buy sword canes. Policemen wonder what absurd rumors, and shrug their shoulders. They are familiar with the other side of these closely embroidered romances. The search into the matter, and find, instead of artless falsehoods, the truth, in stead of treacherous and secret stories. Yet, up to a certain point, the grocer in the Rue Saint Louis told the truth.

Monsieur Jandidier, manufacturer of imitation jewelry, had actually not been home for twenty-four hours. Monsieur Theodore Jandidier was a very tall, very bald, man, about fifty-eight years old, with sufficiently good manners, who had married a considerable fortune in trade. He had an income from stocks of twenty thousand livres, and his business brought him in about fifty thousand francs. He was honored and esteemed by his neighbors, and justly so, for his honesty was above suspicion, his morality austere. Married late in life to a poor relative, he had made her perfectly happy. He had an only daughter, a pretty woeful girl, named Therese, who was adored. She had been engaged to the eldest son of the banker Schmidt—of the firm of Schmidt, Oulenbeke & Worb—Monsieur Gustave; but the match did not please them, one knew why, for the young people were desperately in love with each other. It was said in the Jandidier circle that Schmidt, senior, who was well known for his love of money, a first, had required a dowry far beyond the merchant's means.

Warned by public rumor, which constantly increased, the commissary of police went to the house of the man who was already called the victim, though no exact information had been received. He found Madame and Mademoiselle Jandidier in such transports of grief that it was with the utmost difficulty that he could gather the truth. At last he learned the following particulars:

The evening before, Saturday, Monsieur Jandidier had dined with his family as usual, but did not eat with much appetite, having, he said, a violent headache. After dinner he went to his warehouses, gave some orders, and then entered his office. Eugene, the porter, half past six, he told his wife he was going to walk. And he never appeared again. Having carefully noted these particulars, the commissary questioned Eugene, the porter.

Madame Jandidier a few minutes after. She made a sign of assent, and Mademoiselle Therese left the room.

"Pardon, madame," said the commissary of police, "the question I am about to address to you. 'Do you know whether your husband had in again ask your pardon—any connection outside of his home?"

Madame Jandidier started up, anger dried her tears.

"I have been married twenty-three years, monsieur; my husband has never returned home later than usual to dine."

"Was your husband in the habit of going to any club or cafe?" he continued.

"Never. I wouldn't have allowed it."

"Did he usually carry valuable papers about with him?"

"I don't know. I attend to my housekeeping and don't trouble myself about business matters."

It was impossible to get any further information from the poor wife, who was bewildered by grief.

Having accomplished his business, the commissary of police, assisted by a clerk, spent a few words of commonplace consolation to the poor woman. But when he went away after making inquiries in the household, he felt very anxious, and began to suspect the existence of a crime. That very evening one of the most skillful detectives, Lecoeur, better known in the Rue de Jerusalem as Matre Magloire—was put on the track of Monsieur Jandidier, provided with an excellent photograph of the merchant.

The very morning after Monsieur Jandidier had disappeared, Matre Maglaire presented himself at the Palais de Justice to report to the magistrate who had charge of the matter.

"Well, Monsieur Maglaire," said the magistrate, "as you have discovered something—"

"I'm on the track, monsieur."

"Speak?"

"To begin with, monsieur. Monsieur Jandidier didn't leave his house at half past six, but at seven precisely."

"Precisely?"

"Yes. I got my information from a clockmaker in the Rue Saint Denis, who is sure of the fact, because Monsieur Jandidier, while passing his shop, took out his watch to compare it with the clock over the door. He had an unlighted cigar in his mouth. On learning this circumstance I said to myself: 'I have him by the light his only thought, he's returned to dine, he entered a shop in the Rue de Temple, where he is well known. The cause remained the circumstance because, although he always smoked one cigars, he bought London ones."

"How did he appear?"

"He seemed very thoughtful; the shopkeeper said, and, strange enough, he returned by the other end of the Rue du Temple. I went in and my self left he had been there on Saturday evening. He left, too, glanced at brandy and cigars, and went off again. He appeared to proceed. The gentleman, the waiter told me, talked all the time about his business. At half-past eight o'clock our man left the cafe with one of his friends, Monsieur Blandureau. I instantly went to this gentleman, who told me that he walked up the boulevard with Monsieur Jandidier, who left him on the corner of the Rue Richelieu, pleading a business engagement. He was out of sorts, and seemed troubled with the darkest presentiments."

"Very well, so far," murmured the magistrate.

"On leaving Monsieur Blandureau I went to Rue du Roi-de-Sicile, to ascertain from somebody in the house whether Monsieur Jandidier had any customers or friends there was only hotel-keeper in the Rue Richelieu. I went to this tailor. He saw our man on Saturday. Monsieur Jandidier went to his shop after nine o'clock to order a pair of pantaloons. While his measure was being taken he noticed that one of the buttons on his vest was ready to fall off, and asked to have it sewed on. He was obliged to take off his overcoat to permit the little repair to be executed. At the same time he took out the contents of the side pocket, the tailor noticed several hundred franc bank notes.

"Ah!' that is a clew.' He had a large sum of money with him?"

"Not large, but considerable. The tailor estimated it at twelve or fourteen hundred francs."

"No on," said the examining magistrate.

"While his vest was being repaired Monsieur Jandidier complained of sudden illness, and went a little boy out to look for a carriage. He had to go to one out of his workmen lives a long distance off, he said. Unfortunately the little fellow had forgotten the number of the carriage. He only remembered that it had yellow wheels and was drawn by a large black horse. This afforded a clew. A circular sent to all the livery stable keepers put me on the track. I learned this morning that the number of the carriage was 6,097. The driver, on being questioned, evidently remembered having been stopped about nine o'clock on Saturday evening, in the Rue Richelieu, by a little boy, and having waited ten minutes in front of the Salon des Etrangers. The description of his fare suited our man, and he recognized the photograph among five others I showed him."

Matre Maglaire stopped; he wanted to enjoy the approval he read in the magistrate's face.

"Monsieur Jandidier," he continued, "was really driven to No. 48 Rue d'Arras Saint Victor, where one of his workmen lives, a man named Julio Tarot."

The manner in which Matre Maglaire pronounced this name was intended to arouse, and did arouse, the attention of the magistrate.

"You have suspicions?" he asked.

"Not exactly; but those are the facts. Monsieur Jandidier dismissed his carriage at the Rue d'Arras, and entered Tarot's room about ten o'clock. At eleven the employer and the workman went out together. The workman did not return till midnight, and here I lost track of our man. Of course I didn't question Tarot lest I might put him on his guard."

"Who is this Julio Tarot?"

"A worker in mother-of pearl; that is a man who polishes shells on a grindstone, to give them a perfect lustre. He is a skillful fellow and helped by his wife, to whom he taught his trade, can make a hundred francs a week."

"They are in easy circumstances then?"

"Oh! no, they are both young, they have no children, and, as they are sober hereditary, have one of her husband's shoes with her. From Attorney General to Usher, among the judges, there is not a man in the house and none to preside over his home. Secretary Evarts and Postmaster General Key each have a salary of $8,000 a year. Speaker Blaine receives $8,837 and Secretary Thompson each have the same, and the salary of Secretary Mc'cary will, I hear be increased in consequence of his duties.

SAD NEWS.—Julia Ward Howe says she has a garden party two of six noble ti-tles. All nonsense! Julia Ward Howe husband of the lady of an old New Bedford, who refused to allow any of her daughters to marry before the eldest should find a husband. Julia Ward found the reason she never did find one, and one of the daughters ran away and got married by a clergyman of suitable position was obliged to submit to this cruel prescription, and remained single till the Bishop's daughter, when she declared herself too old to enter a new condition.

FACTS FOR SMOKERS.—The last of the Rothschilds is dead, leaving a fortune of $100,000,000; under 1,000 a year that of a labouring man only 1005 a single general receive $900 a year, and a first class private $13.

BISMARCK AS POWER.—It is said that Bismarck's power is more greater than ever. It has been noticed for several years that he has been in the habit of consulting with several family, excusing himself on the ground that he was obliged to consult with the Princess and Princesses of Prussia, but it was always considered to be a consultation. Not so with Bismarck.

CIVIL MANUFACTURE IN THE PHILIPPINES.—The manufactures are rare in the Philippines except in the cities of Manila and Iloilo, the principal works are at Manila, and in the neighboring province of Cavite. The cigarettes, or women who manipulate the tobacco, are paid by the thousand, and can earn from 50 cents to a dollar a day. The tobacco is beaten between two stones the sound of which together with the women's talk, singing and laughter, make the whole building a din. Hardly the cigars manufactured in the Philippines are consumed by the population, the best tobacco being sent to the Peninsular, men and women, from the age of ten till death.

HOUSES FOR CROWNED HEADS.—At a recent sale of estates belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch, "Fifth Duchess of Hillhurst," was sold, amid great applause, for $225,000. She is said to be the highest priced house ever sold in the United States. The next highest house was one purchased for a million dollars at Manila, and in the neighboring province of Cavite. The cigarettes, or women who manipulate the tobacco, are paid by the thousand, and can earn from 50 cents to a dollar a day. The tobacco is beaten between two stones the sound of which together with the women's talk, singing and laughter, make the whole building a din. Hardly the cigars manufactured in the Philippines are consumed by the population, the best tobacco being sent to the Peninsular, men and women, from the age of ten till death.

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THE SULTAN'S KINDNESS.—A few weeks ago the sultan invited the children of Osman Pasha to the palace, and received them with the other six years of age. His Majesty gave the little ones a very kind and affectionate reception and presented to each of them a gold watch and a sum of 1200. The sultan further presented Madam Osman Pasha with a purse containing $4000 and made a present of $1,000 to the eldest son. Finally she accompanied the children to the Palace.

DIFFERENCES IN DRINKS OF FAR.—M. Offenbach's delicate liver, for instance, will not stand champagne the following now current in the Paris clubs, may be true, but the hard-worked composer's liver has very hardened brain. Why, then, did you dismiss Mr. Gye? Because he neglected the orchestra. He always used to beat my clothes outside my door. I further could get him to do it in time."

"Monsieur Jandidier's absence of memory is quite remarkable. Really he said, it is an illness to the students of Hahnemann Gymnasium school. There is a certain Dr. Schmidt who has taught me to smoke to visit a person very famous in her day and of known excellence Mrs. Hannah Moss. I believe I have got the whole of the facts. Mrs. Moss remember that she presented me with one of her books for the undermining for children—and that she told me she would be glad to see me. I just come into he world and she was just going out.

AN OLD HAND BILL.—An old hand bill was discovered the other day in a lady in Cheshire, England, advertising the following performance to manage a wake in Chester. The bill, dated June, 1668, reads thus: "Whereas a person in conduct the performance at Bunbury Wake, which is to be celebrated on Tuesday, Thursday and Wednesday the 10th, 11th and 12th instant. It is necessary that he should have a complete knowledge of the country round about, as he is to go back and forth carrying archery, singlestick, quoits, cricket, foot-ball, cocking, wrestling, bull and bull-ger baiting, dog-fighting, horse-racing, bearskin, puppy &c. In addition to the above qualifications he has also the competent to decide in dipping, trundling, jumping, pitching the bar, throwing the hammer, skenning, smoking, sculling knitting, bobbing, bowling, throwing dart, foot-ball taking, singing, pudding eating &c.—For further particulars apply to Mr Parnell, of Bunbury. Mr. Vickers, of yarnbow or Mr. Hancock, of Nantwich. June 1668."

The employment of women in the telegraph department has been a complete success in England. Over 1,000 have been employed in 1870, of these 400 have been married, one divorced, a four years.

BOOK OF ORIGINS.

ORIGIN OF PHRASES—THE ETYMOLOGY OF WORDS — REMARKABLE OLD SAYINGS—QUAINT EXPRESSIONS PECULIAR TO ALL AGES AND NATIONS.

BY JAMES REES.

"In poisons homicide on propria
Vert inquisitio atque investigate

"The searching out and thorough investigation of Ruth, is the first, the primary study of man.

N.

NARY BIT.

This is a vulgar phrase, and a contraction for ne'er a red (cent); alluding to the color of a copper cent. It is in common use in the manufacturing board in circles wherein true politeness and the elegance of language were wont to give lore and character to the conversation.

NEEDLES.

Needles were first made in England by a negro from Spain, in the reign of Queen Mary, but the principal manufacture of needles are considered the best that are made in the world.

NEGRO RACE, VARIETY OF COLOR ETC.

The term "creole is a corruption of the word criollo which is derived from Cuba to create or to foster. The Spaniards apply the term Criollo not merely to the negroes born in that island, but to all persons in the colonies, but also of pure European blood; thus they have Creole horses, buffalos, poultry, etc.

In England we have adopted the word in the term Creole the idea of a particular completion. This is arbitrary. The designation Creole properly belongs to all the native born of Africa. Parents who have emigrated from the Old World, be those Europeans or Africans. There are, therefore, white as well as black Creoles.

The subjoined list shows the parentage of the different varieties of half caste, and also the proper designations of the same:

White father and Negro mother: Mulatto child.

White father and Indian mother: Mestizo children.

Indian father and Negro mother: China child.

White father and Mulatto mother: Cuarteron children.

White father and Mestizo mother: Creole children, only distinguished from the white by a pale brownish complexion.

White father and Chino mother: Chino Blanco children.

White father and Cuarteronna mother: Quintero children.

White father and Quinteron mother: White child.

Negro father and Mulatto mother: Zambo Negro children.

Negro father and Mestizo mother: Mulatto Oscura children.

Negro father and Chino mother: Zambo Chino children.

Negro father and Zambo mother: Zambo Negro children.

Negro father and Cuarteronna or Quintero mother: Mestizo Oscura children.

Indian father and Mulatto mother: Chino Oscura children.

Indian father and Mestizo mother: Mestizo Claro children, frequently very beautiful.

Indian father and Chino mother: Chino Cholo children.

Indian father and Zamba mother: Zamba-Chino children.

Negro father and Chino-cholo mother: Indian children, with rather short frizzy hair).

Indian father and Cuarteronna mother: Mestizo-mother Mestizo children, (rather brown).

Mestizo father and Cuarteronna mother: Zamba children, a somewhat darker.

Mestizo father and Mestizo mother: Chino child, or, if rather clear complexion: Creole.

Mestizo father and Chino mother: Chino children, rather dark.

MIXED CHILD UP.

Presta aligue obedientia.

Persevere and hold out.

Constantly bear this in mind.

NEW BROOM SWEEPS CLEAN.

From the phrase in Scripture "Er nu vaagehd," meaning that which is new and in the fashion.

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

Marcellus dates from the Tullus King of the Sabines, who reigned in Rome jointly with Romulus, and who taking as a good omen the present made to him by the wood-nymph of the grove planted of the wood sacred to streams, the goddess of strength authorized the custom, and the Romans after that time gave presents to their friends on the renewal of the year.

NIGHT.

Night, the first month of the year, received its name from Janus, one of the Roman divinities to whom it was among that people consecrated. Janus is represented as two faces because, say some, on the one side, the first day of January looked to the end the year, and on the other, toward the old one.

The ancient chronicles fasted on the first day of January by way of opposition to the practice of the heathens, who spent that day in feasting and other disorderly and masquerades.

Modern chronicles seem it more in accordance to their character to celebrate the heathen's mode of celebrating the day, rather than follow that of their brethren of the early christian Church.

NOSE.

The four cardinal points of the compass marked with the letters N. E. W. S. standing for North, East, West, South, are derived from the Latin names, from all parts of the world, gave derivation to the word.

NIAGARA.

From sahoes, two Indian words, signifying "Hark to the thunder of waters."

Who will deny to the Indians the natural gift of poetry?

NICK OF TIME.

Nick—used in its proverbial expression, "to knock a nick to the post," i. e., to make a record of the number of the race; also simply refer to a method of recording. Similar to we have the word stick, in which the reference is clearly to the tally stick, or piece of wood used to count by nicks, as for instance, "I will make you pay through the nose," "to cut your stick."

Cutting one's stick is used as a vulgarism of fast life. Imitation is the phrase of "cutting the connection" or taking a sudden departure from any embarrassing position.

NOAH'S ARK.

Relative to the probable origin, to an expression of Walpole in 1770. In reference to his being able to walk without a stick after a severe fit of illness, he remarked that he simply refer to cutting a walking stick in the hedge on the occasion of every sudden journey it may by possibility have some use in the future. It is similar to the expression used in the prophet Zacharias, in which the cutting of a stick is described as a symbol of abrogating a bond of brotherhood between two parties—Chap. xi. 4. "Thus saith the Lord my God; Feed the flock of the slaughter. 6. For I will no more pity the inhabitants of the land saith the Lord, but lo, I will deliver the men every one into his neighbor's hand, and into the hand of his king: and they shall smite the land, and out of their hand I will not deliver them. 7. And I will feed the flock of the slaughter, even you, O poor of the flock. And I took unto me two staves; the one I called Beauty, and the other Bands, and I fed the flock. 8. Three shepherds also I cut off in one month, and my [soul loathed them, and their soul also abhorred me. 9. Then said I, I will not feed you: that that dieth, let it die; and that that is to be cut off, let it be cut off; and let the rest eat every one the flesh of another. 10. And I took my staff, even Beauty, and cut it asunder, that I might break his covenant which I had made with all the people. 11. And it was broken in that day: and so the poor of the flock that waited upon me knew that it was the word of the Lord. 12. And I said unto them, If ye think good, give me my price; and if not, forbear. So they weighed for my price thirty pieces of silver. 13. And the Lord said unto me, Cast it unto the potter: a goodly price that I was prised at of them. And I took thirty pieces of silver, and cast them to the potter in the house of the Lord. 14. Then I cut asunder mine other staff, even Bands, that I might break the brotherhood between Judah and Israel."

NOSE.

People to Mauritiella flock on shoals
At nine pins and at pigeon holes.

[1707.]

"Rouge plays at nine holes."

Old English game.

The game of nine pins, still common in England under the name of skittles, is spoken of as far back as the year 1366, in the following:

"I should wish thee to haunt bowling alleys, and frequent gaming houses, where you may live all the year round, and learn to play like Mickaide, or to play at nine pins, or pigeon holes, etc."

NOMINAT.

Cleland, in his Celtic vocabulary, page 2, says: "Gay, applied to tongue, comes from the Erse tongue. In which gaob is a tongue or bunch of flowers, which might be held to the mouth.

Every judge, every councellor, every sheriff had his wand, bough, staff or rod of office, which varied in their forms according to the different functions. The nosegay, now affected by the judges, is not, as is popularly supposed, a mere preservative against the closeness and ill effect of a crowded court, it is the relic of that primitive and ancient custom of the judges holding a bough or nosegay of grass in his hand.

NOSEY.

Formerly called knowing or little bough, whence the French word bouquet for nosegay.

BUT WHITE A STREET'S DAM.

The origin of this expression is a very simple one. The timber trade is a wonderful one. From a few days made up of mud around the hole in the middle they are to mend. This dam keeps the soldier from running over the port or pan. On one occasion a traveling linker in England being engaged by a farmer to mend some household utensils, got one of the boys to assist him during the process. The little mod dam gave way, and the melted lead flowed over the hands of the boy. He had such a contempt for this process of thinking that ever afterwards the saying gave way, or went wrong, he exclaimed, "It is not worth a tinker's dam."

NOTE OF HAND CHURN.

Like many phrases which have their origin in games, this can be traced to the same source, as the following. It is in the game of penny. As

The word chunk according to Junius, is the end of the cask to the hens when he has found a grain of corn, having taken a resounding to this instance as "chuk." To chuck is also to strike under the chin, so as to produce a sound from the collision of the upper and lower jaw; similar to that of the cock in the game of chuck farthing. It is from this phrase, "Not worth the toss of a farthing," that we derive this "Not worth chucks."

We are acquainted with the derivation differs materially from that of the more vulgar one of "not worth a chucks." Southerners use the word "chucks" in the same sense. Also the word "chuck" with them, however, the word is derived from a name given to the cock, hen, bust, or shell of the walnut, chestnut, etc. "Not worth shucks" being more than "good for nothing."

This latter is an Americanism.

NOTIONS—IN CONNECTION WITH TRADE.

This word originated in the meaning Yankee pedlars, and inspiring "small wares," threads needles, pins, paper, etc. It is but a few years ago that the word became connected with a branch of business that now forms one of the most striking features of trade in every city of the Union. Palatial palaces are now occupied by "notion" houses, and others are being erected especially for this branch of trade. Engaged in the notion business are men of experience, many of whom are individuals from the Union in London, who formed themselves into a firm some time ago, and since started business. Many of them remain in connection with them for some time, when some of these, after the acquisition of the business will and other things by Charles.

NOTTINGHAM.

Nottingham, Va., Del., N. J.—The best dresses frequently have the same name.